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A HISTORIC JOURNEY

CAESAR RODNEY'S GREAT HORSE-BACK RIDE IN 1776.

How the Declaration of Independence Was Saved by a Vote in the Session of the Provisional Congress in Philadelphia.

It happened on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, the day on which the American colonies were declared free and independent states. If Caesar Rodney had not made his historic ride there might not have been any free America today.

The provisional congress was in session at Philadelphia, each of the thirteen colonies having representatives there. It was a great congress, and a momentous question was before the distinguished body. The great charter of our freedom had been written by Jefferson, and Benjamin Harrison, father and great-grandfather of presidents, had presented it to congress on Monday, July 1. What would the Continental congress do?

In order that our country should be free and independent the declaration must be adopted. This could be done if only the colonies were divided, and there were some good men who did not believe it best to take this step at this time. Four of the seven delegates of Pennsylvania were opposed to it, and of the two Delaware delegates present, Thomas McKean was in favor of independence, but George Read was opposed to the measure. Caesar Rodney, the other member, was in the southern part of his state in the capacity of a brigadier general, organizing and drilling troops for the coming struggle.

Two of the opposing Pennsylvania delegates were persuaded to absent themselves, and thus the Keystone State would favor the declaration, but the vote of Caesar Rodney was necessary to carry the state of Delaware. A messenger was dispatched in hot haste to summon him to Philadelphia, and then for four days the "patriots of '76" talked and maneuvered to delay the final vote. On Thursday, July 4, congress was to vote on the momentous question.

On the afternoon of the 3d the messenger found Caesar Rodney in Sussex county, more than eighty miles from Philadelphia. General Rodney was at that time forty-six years old, with a tall, lean, worn figure, his face scarred by a cancer that was finally to cause his death. The brave patriot did not hesitate. "Saddle the black!" he commanded, and in ten minutes he was mounted on his faithful steed and was galloping as if for life to the northward. Eighty miles away from congress, which was waiting for him to declare the independence of the colonies. The thought caused him to drive his spurs deep into his horse's flanks and sent him flying along the long, dusty highway that stretched away toward the Quaker City. It was one of the great rides of history. That black steed bore the destinies of America, and his rider knew it, and there was neither halt nor delay.

The sun went down, and the stars came out one by one in the blue vault of heaven, and that solitary rider rushed on his way. All through the cool summer night Caesar Rodney kept up his reckless pace. The stars faded out of the morning sky, and the sun came up red and fiery, the herald of a sultry day. And still Caesar Rodney kept on his way. His horse was faded, and he was travel worn and covered with dust, but the patriot did not slacken his rein. He must be there to vote for the independence of America. And he was there. All that hot, sweltering July day the delegates of the colonial congress were talking and voting in Independence Hall. The session had begun. The president, John Hancock, was in the chair, and the clerk, John Dickinson, was calling the colonies one by one. Virginia had voted and Massachusetts and the great state of New York and the little state of Rhode Island, and now New Jersey was voting, and Caesar Rodney had come.

Anxious and worried, Thomas McKean went out to the door of Independence hall. Would his friend and compatriot be too late? His face brightened as he heard the sound of hurrying hoof beats coming up Chestnut street. A foaming, panting steed dashed into the yard. Its dusty rider leaped to the ground. Booted and spurred and the dust of his long ride thick on his long flapped coat and iron gray hair, Caesar Rodney entered the hall of congress leaning on his friend McKean's arm.

He was just in time. The vote of Delaware was being called. George Read voted "Nay." "Aye!" called the clear voice of Thomas McKean. It was a tie. All eyes turned to Caesar Rodney. The famous rider cleared his throat, and many a patriot heart beat with pride as he declared in firm tone: "The voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men, I believe, is in favor of independence, and my own judgment concurs with them; therefore I vote for the Declaration."

And so Caesar Rodney by his famous ride and by his noble vote helped to settle the question of independence and insured the future celebrations of the Fourth of July.

He Ate Otter.
Doctor—You must take a quarter of an hour's walk before every meal. Stout Patient—But, doctor, you surely don't want me to walk all day long!—Fliegende Blätter.

Sudden.
"Now," said the professor, describing the work of his class to Miss Elderberry, "we are engaged!"
"Oh, are we? How sudden!" was her reply as she snuggled up.—Houston Post.

As to Heroes.
No man who is polite to his family only when company is present can hope to be a hero to his son.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Holiness of Truth.

What is truth that through the ages man should rifle earth and star Seeking ever in the unknown where its mystic fountains are,

For the law of righteous living, for the love that shall not die, While the soul has aspirations to be glorified on high?

What is truth that in the distance it should blaze with holy light, Beating back the hosts of darkness in the world's enfolding night,

Making man a nobler creature, giving states a wiser aim, Giving virtue, knowledge, valor, each a bright, immortal name?

Lo, the world is ever changing, and the new is ever old, And who fights with human progress is a warrior overbold;

And the truth is what we make it by the light of that great love Which forever lifts the planet toward the singing stars above.

Truth is simple as the sermons nature tells us on our way, Gentle as the thought of brothers who were parted yesterday;

It is plain as honest faces that betoken hearts so kind They are hands unto the weary, seeing eyes unto the blind;

It is beautiful as morning when the world awakes to joy And life's golden expectations thrill the eager heart of boy;

It is lasting as the cliff rock that forever fronts the sea, Lasting as the ocean waters that shall wash the cliff rock free;

And although it wrings emotion from the life that suffers long, Though it girds the loins of labor for the battle fierce and strong;

Truth is ever what we make it in the light of love and peace, Help and hope unto the toiling who would give the soul increase!

—Charles W. Stevenson, in New York Press.

SIMON MAGUS.

The Legend From Which Was Born the Story of Faust.

Almost every renowned man of antiquity in the middle ages was believed to be attended by a spiritus familiaris and not a few were suspected of being in direct league with the devil. Probably the oldest legend of which the Faust legend is a continuous thread is that of Simon Magus, mentioned in the history of the apostles.

According to Justin, he was a native of Gliton, a village in Samaria. He was, no doubt, a man of great intellectual powers. He was the father of the school of the Gnostics. He is also reported of him that he could make himself invisible, that he could pass through flames unharmed, could transmute matter, make gold and exercise demons—in fact, he laid claim to all these powers, and his name lived in the mouths of the people as a sort of demiurge through many centuries until some other miracle working personality took his place at the popular fireside. Unusual accomplishments, great erudition, were attributed to the supernatural influence and the general disposition to superstitious assumption was strengthened on the one hand by dogmatic affirmation on the part of the church of the existence of a personal Satan, with his numerous household, and, on the other hand, by incorporating the magic arts among the practical sciences, of which astrology and alchemy occupied no mean part.

THE ODD LITTLE GECKO.

A Queer Animal That Lives in Africa and Southern Europe.

The gecko is an odd little creature. His name is seldom heard, and his form is seldom seen, for he lives in Africa and the southern countries of Europe.

This little gecko has so many strange ways and there is something so uncanny in his appearance that the people of the countries where he lives are rather afraid of him, believing his bite to be poisonous, although this is denied by naturalists.

He is a little creature, with a broad, flat head, like a snake, and a long body, with a narrow tail, with odd shaped bits of skin arranged like scallops along the sides of it. He has short legs and queer, catlike claws, which enable him to easily climb the old walls and rocks upon which he lives, catching the insects of various sorts which make his dinner.

He is a nocturnal animal, walking abroad at night and sleeping in the daytime. He moves with sudden rushes and without any noise whatever. His odd name was given him from the queer noise he makes, which is something like the noise you would make to start a horse with. The male gecko is of a gray color, so near the shade of the old walls and rocks among which he makes his home that he can barely be seen.

A Cold, Hard Snub.
"Excuse me, madam," he said, "but—ah—you remember, in the restaurant after the theater the other night you were kind enough to notice me. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing that your interest was—ah—not altogether?"
"Oh, not at all. I remember now. I thought for a moment that you were the coachman my husband discharged a few weeks ago for trying to make love to the cook, and I wondered how you could afford to eat in such an expensive place!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reminiscent.
The author had written one successful story, and he never grew tired talking of it.
"Don't you know," said one of his friends to another one day, "Ritter always reminds me of a pleased dog?"
"That's odd. How does he?"
"He's always wagging his tale."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington D. C., April 7, 1906.

It is remarkable what a number of excellent arguments can be advanced in favor of almost any form of rate bill and how by the same process of reasoning each bill presented can in turn be shown to be so faulty as to be scarcely worth a second thought. Another thing equally remarkable is, that everyone in the house and almost everyone in the senate admits the necessity for rate regulation. None dare deny it. Yet the stoutest opponents of legislation can all of them produce bills that logically are all right while all other bills are logically all wrong. Now senator Elkins has always been classed, rightly or wrongly, as a champion of the railroads and one of the strong, "opposition senators." Yet in his speech on the rate bill this week, he declared he was one of the warmest supporters of the president's plea for a square deal. He presented a bill that as he explained it, seemed to have a number of advantages over anything else produced, always excepting senator Newland's bill, which goes to the root of the matter at once, but is too radical for congress to think of passing for a few years yet.

Senator Elkins in coming out for a bill of his own said that while he was classed as a railroad man, he had ten times the interest in shipping that he had in carrying. Of course anyone can accept senator Elkins' statements at their face value or not just as they please. Yet what he said was that he was opposed to the Hepburn bill because it did not go far enough. He said there were wrongs, abuses and discriminations by the railroads and he wanted to see them stopped. But he said the Hepburn bill would not stop them. He said that he wanted a bill that embodied a court review with the right of the court to suspend any rate fixed by the interstate commerce commission, but compelling the railroads to deposit the amount of money in dispute with the court pending the decision on the order.

But he said he was particularly anxious about a distinct prohibition against the railroads producing or dealing in the commodities they carried. This he admitted was prohibited by the decision of the supreme court in the Chesapeake and Ohio case, but he wanted it specifically stated in the act. He was also in favor of compelling the railroads to put in switches and make connections with lateral lines on a reasonable basis. Also he wanted the bill to compel the carriers to make a fair distribution of cars and to provide for prompt connections, and a protesting agreement with connecting lines.

All this coming from one who is classed as a railroad senator, sounds very fair. It was a more liberal proposition than had been expected from him. Now the question remains, was Mr. Elkins talking in good faith and was he as much in harmony with the president's ideas as he professed to be. If he was not, where was the "joker" in any of his proposed amendments?

What purports to be the true story of Ambassador Bellamy Storer's recall from Vienna is going the rounds in diplomatic circles and if it is the true explanation, merely shows that he was not the first man in public life to have his ambitions wrecked by the desire on the part of his wife to play at politics. It seems that while the Storer was diplomatically accredited they spent a good deal of time in Rome and while there Mrs. Storer conceived the idea of having Archbishop Ireland created a cardinal, thus making two cardinals in America. There was another party of Americans of whom Mr. Philbin of New York was one, who wanted a second cardinal over here but who were backing Archbishop Farley of New York. The matter was brought to the attention of the president and he said that while he was a warm admirer of both prelates and while he would be glad to see any of his friends in the Catholic, Methodist or Episcopal

If a Cow gave Butter

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

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church, and he had friends in all, get a promotion, he could not as the president take any part in suggesting action to Rome. This was a very natural and proper position for the president to take. But the matter was discussed by the high officials in Vatican circles and they decided that the president did not seem to be particularly interested in either appointee, so the matter was dropped. The result has been that a second American cardinal has not yet been appointed. This made Mrs. Storer very indignant and she lost no opportunity to make trouble for the administration. There was the case of Consul Hurst who was dropped from the service. Both ambassador Storer and his wife wrote some very acid letters on the subject criticising the administration. For this the ambassador was sharply called down. The breach widened and the Storers left their post in Vienna and went to Egypt. The ambassador sulked and for about three months failed to answer the letters of the president of the secretary of state. Matters finally reached a stage where the president was forced to write his ambassador that he would either go back to Vienna, answer the letters that were addressed him or resign. Mr. Storer chose the latter alternative and the post has been filled by a new appointee. But it all shows how a woman playing with politics can make a mess of it just like a man.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

Reported weekly for the Ledger.

The New Atom.—Moisture for the House.—Incandescent Oil Lights.—Changing Elements.—Diffusion of Solids.—Manuscript Photography.—Records of the Body's Electric Waves.—Lightning-Made Magnets.

The electron, as defined by Prof. Soddy, is an electrical conception that has been applied to matter. It is a definite "charge"—the smallest possible—of negative electricity, and its properties, unlike those of the atom, are always the same. It is a particle smaller than the atom, which was long regarded as the smallest division of an element. Each atom of matter must normally contain at least one electron, and it may lose this or take on at least one more without great change. With one or more electrons less than the normal, the atom becomes positively charged, or a positive ion; while an atom with one or more electrons in excess is a negative ion.

Some years ago the addition of moisture to furnace-heated air was found by Dr. H. J. Barnes of Boston to make a room comfortable at a temperature several degrees lower. In his recent investigation in southeastern Nebraska, G. A. Loveland has shown that the air of a house of 14,000 cubic feet should receive from 20 to 40 quarts of water daily, and that this evaporation does not increase the relative humidity by more than 10 per cent. The humidity indoors should not exceed about 40 per cent, otherwise there will be troublesome condensation on the windows.

A new incandescent light uses ordinary petroleum without a wick, and a tube only one-eighth of an inch outside supplies the oil, which is vaporized and mixed with air before being burned in the mantle. The light is claimed to be softer and more diffusive than any other. One gallon of oil is sufficient for a 1000 candle-power lamp for fifteen hours, and enables a person to read at a distance of forty to fifty yards.

As a ballstone melts in water, it gives off a large bubble of air, evidently enclosed under great pressure. While the transmutation of elements at will is still a dream, the alkali metals have given J. J. Thomson a suggestion of control of the change. Emission from these metals in light has been long known, and he has now proven that they give off slow electrons, or Beta rays, even in darkness, and that the process is greatly influenced by light, heat and chemical forces. These act as detonators, spitting up atoms which have become unstable. This atomic breaking up is thought to be going on in all matter, with the setting free of enormous energy, and it is calculated that if the action extends throughout the earth, the emission by every atom of an electron once in a thousand million years would account for the earth's internal heat. The atomic modification may explain the "fatigue" of platinum and other substances after long incandescence.

The degree to which solids slowly intermix is one of the recent surprising discoveries. A New Zealand teacher mentions the dark patches which appear opposite the steel winding stems on the inside of silver watch-cases forty or fifty years old, tests showing that these patches are iron, which has vaporized, dissolved in the silver, and diffused into the solid metal. Still more remarkable is an instance of the penetration of carbon into porcelain. Fresh pencil marks are easily removed from an old porcelain writing tablet, but some notes written forty years ago have sunk into the tablet to considerable depth and cannot be erased.

In a simple German method for copying manuscripts or printed matter, the object is placed face upward on a table, and a mirror is arranged above it at an angle of 45

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15c Aprons
Ladies' Gingham Aprons, worth 20c, 22c, and 50c.
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Misses' Muslin Drawers, strongly sewed, good grade muslin.

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A big stock to choose from, neat up-to-date regular goods.
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Big line of Black Suits.

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JACKSON SCHOOL REPORT.

For the month of March-April.

Pupils highest in, standing in the various grades are as follows:
First grade—Cristina Marela 98, Elena Dall'ama 98, James Martell 97-5, Evelyn Morrow 96.

Second grade—Vivian Bulch 95-5-7, Rudolph Belluomini 94-4-7.
N. E. B. Morrow, teacher.

Second grade—Anna Conlon 93½, Denman Lester 93½.
Third grade—Henrietta O'Neil 96½, Helen Rust 96½, Veda Morrow 95½.

Agnes E. Newman, teacher.
Fifth grade—Idalie O'Neil 96-7-12, Edna Lasswell 96-1-12.

Fourth grade—Wallace Jones 95-1-5, Cecil Earl 94, Janie Nettie 94.
Margaret E. Devan, teacher.

Sixth grade—John Love 96-7-12, Laura Parker 95-2-3.
Fifth grade—Thelma Kay 95-10-12, Alfonso Burgin 95-5-12.

Mary I. Bernicech, teacher.
Seventh grade—Leslie Love 98½, Albertine Lester 97-5-12. Anna McLaughlin, teacher.

Eighth grade—No 1. Clara Johns 95-3, No 2. Lena Podesta 94, Eunice Going 94. A. E. Gartlin, teacher.

Ninth grade—Lewis Love No 1. 96-1, Bertha Eudey No 2. 94-2.
W. H. Greghalgh, principal.

Climbing Fish of India.
It is not to be supposed that a fish is absolutely comfortable away from its own element, but it is nevertheless true that it sometimes sees fit to live on the land for a short period. Of all land frequenting fish, the most famous is the climbing perch of India, which not only walks out of the water, but also mounts into trees by means of sharp spines situated near its head and tail. It has a peculiar breathing apparatus, which enables it to extract oxygen from the water stored up within a small chamber near its gills, for use while on land.

Lived to Old Age Without Exercise.
A British minister, Rev. William Davies of Hereford, has confounded all the valetudinarians. For thirty-five years he took no more exercise than was involved in walking from one room to another. He was a hearty eater, with a taste for indigestible things. Yet he never had a day's illness and always looked the picture of health, and lived to enjoy a hearty meal on his 106th birthday.

Reserve Power of the Brain.
In a lecture on the nervous system, delivered at Gresham college, Prof. Symes Thompson gave these facts concerning the human brain:

In every man's brain there are many cells waiting to be developed, he said, and, as a matter of fact, the normal person uses only half of the brain, the other half being kept in reserve. He instanced the case of a man who lost his sight, and at once developed the sense of hearing. A blind man as he walked along the street was perfectly conscious of passing lamp posts and other objects, and could distinguish between a man and a woman.

Prof. Thompson also said that the quality of the brain was not dependent on its weight, but on the number and depth of its convolutions. A man's brain at maturity weighs about one-fourth of his total weight, and at birth about one-tenth of the total. The brain of an elephant weighs about 1-500th, and that of a whale about 1-300th of its total weight.

When you wish the finest flavored coffee and teas, remember that W. J. Nettle keeps only the best.
For horse blankets and everything in the saddle and harness line, see Piccardo's fine stock on Water street.

All kinds of harness from \$15 up at Pete Piccardo's.
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Bears the Signature of
Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge
Gives strength to men, women and children. At your druggist's.

NEVILLS SELLING FRESNO VINEYARD.

YARD.

Captain Nevills of Fresno will Dispose of His Interests.

A big real estate deal is expected to be closed this morning when Captain W. A. Nevills will part with the title of the Paragon vineyard, adjoining Kearney park, for \$35,000. The purchasers are to be Casparian brothers, three wealthy Americans who have come here from Los Angeles and have put in several weeks looking over the country.

The sale includes everything on the place—house and house furnishings; also title to a power line built to the place. Old-timers will remember that it was the building of this line that led to the bitter feud between Kearney and Nevills. The house was elaborately furnished some years ago at a cost of \$5000. The house itself cost about \$3000.

The vineyard consists of eighty acres, and the land is figured in the deal at \$250 an acre. The Paragon is an old vineyard, but a good producer. Last year it produced a ton and a third to the acre.

Nevills is closing out his vineyard interests here, and has the La Favorita for sale also. This consists of 120 acres and contains a large packing house. The price asked for this, with the improvements, is said to be something over \$100,000. The reason assigned for Nevills' desire to close out his vineyard interests is that his health is precarious and he is converting some of his property into cash. He is heavily interested in mines, the Rawhide, a famous producer, and others, but some time ago was hard pressed for ready money. T. W. Patterson and ex-Mayor Steinman of Sacramento came to the rescue with \$200,000. Since then he is said to have made some goods turns.—Fresno Republican.

Hard Sentences to Say.

A good merry-making game is trying to repeat difficult sentences over and over again. One of the simplest and best of these is "mixed biscuits." Another, says the Boston Herald is "gig whip," and even worse than that is "six thick thistle sticks." Peter Piper takes into insignificance when compared with such jaw breakers. Having mastered them, attempt, "She stood at the door welcoming him in," and proceed to the direction which the writer has been obliged to give, "Stop at the shop at the top of Sloane street." Should any member of the company feel sure of the prize thus far, an antidote to conceit is: "There was an old woman, and she was a thistle sifter. She had a sieve of sifted thistles and a sieve of unsifted thistles, and she was a thistle sifter."

The Premier Fish Story.

Here is a fish story told by a British nobleman: An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck; and when I looked inside there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been after sitting on that nest."

A Friend That Was a Friend.
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TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL

This table gives the highest and lowest temperature in Jackson for each day, together with the rainfall, as recorded by self-registering instruments kept at the Ledger office.

Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.	Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.
April (06).	32 85		April 17 (06).	45 72	
2.	34 82		18.	44 72	
3.	36 85		19.	44 82	
4.	36 86		20.	44 82	
5.	39 66		21.	44 82	
6.	40 68		22.	44 82	
7.	44 70		23.	44 82	
8.	43 74		24.	44 82	
9.	46 75		25.	44 82	
10.	47 75		26.	44 82	
11.	42 68		27.	44 82	
12.	40 72		28.	44 82	
13.	44 70		29.	44 82	
14.	50 77		30.	44 82	
15.	46 76		31.	44 82	
16.	45 67				

Total rainfall for season to date . . . 29.08 inches
For corresponding period last season . . . 29.23

LOCAL NEWS

J. F. Wilson, Dentist. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone—Office, black 44; residence, black 523; Jackson.

All the typhoid fever cases are doing nicely. Geo. Folger, Dudley Lawton, young Barbagelatta, and Angove are up and moving around. Jas. J. Wright is able to appear on the streets. Chris Hansen is still confined to his bed, although improving. He is now in charge of a rained nurse provided by the Odd Fellows, of which order he is a member.

Pay your taxes, before the last Monday in April, and thereby avoid the penalty for delinquency.

The Marella dwelling house was fumigated last Saturday. The diphtheria patient, Herbert Marella, is practically rid of the disease. It was a mild case, and taken in hand at the outset. The place is still in quarantine, and will be until the lapse of ten days from the fumigation period.

Get the weak spots in your old narrow-patched at Pete Piccardo's.

Last week Dr. Endicott lost the diamond setting from a valuable ring, dropped out while visiting a patient at Rugne's restaurant. The gem is worth over \$150. After the lapse of a week, it was picked up by Ralph Eugene on the porch of the boarding house. It had been lying around unnoticed for days, until a special agent led to its discovery.

Call and see the immense new stock of Pete Piccardo's.

Mrs. Thompson, who for several weeks was reporting for the Ledger, has accepted a position in the telephone office, and commenced work last Saturday.

The Ledger office is under obligation to congressman, J. N. Gillett, or a large map of the United States, compiled from the latest official data, showing forest reserves, Indian reservations, and railroads. It is corrected up to June 1904, and a valuable map in every way.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer is the best.

Miss Mamie Read, who is a trained nurse in the Fabiola hospital in Oakland, came up Friday evening, accompanied by her brother Walter, who had been in the hospital since February, suffering from rheumatism of the knees, contracted while working on the electric line between Oakland and San Mateo. He has so far recovered as to be able to leave for home, and his sister and nurse accompanied him on the trip. He will stay at the home of his parents near Weiland until he is able to resume his duties, which will not be for several weeks under the most favorable circumstances. Miss Read returned to her duties at Fabiola last Monday.

A petition was circulated last Monday, asking the city trustees to appoint James Meehan city recorder. It was presented to the meeting of the trustees the same evening, and contained about twenty signatures.

The newly-established post office at Martell's is in active working, except a separate mail pouch, which had not arrived at the early part of the week, but was expected daily. It has little effect upon the Jackson office. The Onida mine and employees boarding on the premises will get their mail matter direct from Martell's, instead of as heretofore through Jackson. The Kennedy mine and Kennedy flat will not be affected by the new office; neither will the residents of Jackson date.

The local telephone manager received a message from headquarters to make no additional contract, put in no further phones, and to ship all supplies on hand to the city. From this it is inferred that the destruction of wire and other supplies is so great, as to justify the cessation of line work at all points of the state, and have the material from every quarter sent to the city to make repairs.

Miss Pearce and Miss McKinnon, trained nurses, who have been nursing patients here for several weeks, left for their homes in the city Wednesday morning.

A Hard Worker Though Crippled.

The San Francisco Examiner of last Sunday contained an article about George Hansen, who was in charge of the agricultural experiment station founded about six miles above here, when that undertaking was started some 16 years ago. Hansen is now living with his wife and one child in Berkeley. He is a confirmed cripple, is partially paralyzed, and has for many years lost the use of his limbs. This affliction was brought about by being crushed by a team many years ago. For years he was helpless; but for the last six years he has been able to navigate a little by means of a wheeled chair, expressly made for such cases. Still he is a very busy man, and in spite of his affliction manages to extract not a little out of life. He is without any regular income. Last Thanksgiving he sent a package of bulbs to all the school children of Berkeley, and to many others, as a free offering. They were grown under his care, as he fully demonstrated his ability in the gardening line when he was in charge of the agricultural station here. These bulbs were planted, and at this Easter season they are in full bloom. The donor is receiving blessings and congratulations from all sides, as it leaked out that he was the source of these gifts. Each package of bulbs was sent in a paper bag, and the cost of the bags was a serious item in his straightened circumstances. He is happy, he says, in the enjoyment of his wife and one child. This is how he philosophically talks of his affairs.

"I am now a well man. I never was so helpless, yet I never was so strong. I am no more aware of the fact that these legs of mine do not walk than you are of the fact that there is a roof above you. I do nothing; I rarely even read; yet never was so busy. I am in debt. I often am without a dollar, but I have not a worry or a care, and I never was so rich. I count myself blessed beyond all men in my wife and child. I never had so little, yet I never had so much."

It was the gratitude of his home for his relief from pain that first found expression three years ago last November in the giving of plants. Every year teachers come to him for a lesson in child photography, and through them he sends plants to the wee pupils. In 1903 he sent old-fashioned flowers to bloom in the schoolrooms of the two lower grades.

In 1904 he sent cyclamens. Last November came the royal gift, and the bulbs have flowered at cottage and church doors all over Berkeley, stirring a spirit of kindness and neighborliness throughout the college town. Sermons have been preached upon the subject in at least two of the churches, and one church, discovering for itself the man who had worked all this gladness, sent its choir to sing Christmas hymns at his house.

Bad indeed. Losing flesh is indeed a bad sign. Take Scott's Emulsion for it. For weak indigestion, for defective nourishment, for consumption, take Scott's Emulsion. It restores flesh because it strikes to the cause of the loss.

New Bids for Mail Contract.

The post office department is calling for new bids for carrying the mails between Plymouth and Jackson, under an entirely different time schedule. The proposals call for a daily service, seven days a week—between these two points, leaving Plymouth at 5 a. m. and thence to Jackson, by way of Drytown, Amador City and Sutter Creek, reaching Jackson at 8:30 a. m. Leaving Jackson on the return trip at 4:25 p. m. and arriving at Plymouth at 8 o'clock p. m. This means that the stage will take up the mail for the towns north at Martell, on arrival of the train at that station. By this arrangement Sutter Creek will get its mail as heretofore, Amador City and Drytown will be served by Martell, instead of the Carbondale route, being a gain of one hour's time for Amador, and a loss of about the same time for Drytown. Plymouth will receive its mail via Carbondale as at present. Bids will be received up to the 8th day of May. The contract is to run for four years from the 1st day of July next. The successful bidder will be required to furnish a bond in the sum of \$2000. The department is calling for bids for a new mail route, rendered necessary by the change in time schedule of the Jackson and Plymouth line. This route is between Drytown and the Central House, one mile in length. It is to convey the local mail from the towns along the mineral belt—between Jackson and Drytown, addressed to Plymouth and Oleta, from Drytown to meet the mail stage between Plymouth and Carbondale. A mail route one mile long is a novelty. The bond required of the contractor is \$200.

Go to the House of Prayer.

With our state in mourning and all our hearts over shadowed by the great earthquake calamity, nothing is more proper than that we with humility go to the house of prayer. Sunday evening Rev. C. E. Winning of the Methodist church will speak on "Mistakes regarding and lessons from the earthquake," taken from his text, "after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a small voice." Special music and appropriate will be rendered. Usual service at 11 a. m. and Sunday school at 2 p. m.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, blind, bleeding, protruding piles. Duggists are authorized to refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Now is the time to buy summer goods at prices you never heard of before, at the Jackson Shoe Store.



Swearingin taken to Folsom.

Samuel J. Swearingin, reported to be the worst criminal that ever set foot in the county jail, was taken to Folsom prison by Sheriff Norman yesterday morning, to enter upon his term of life imprisonment in that institution for the murder of Mrs. Phoebe William's in Lancha Plana in June last. He was handcuffed, and the officer and prisoner went by stage to Martell's, occupying seats with the driver on the outside. Swearingin was arrested in July last, and has been confined in the county jail ever since. He added guilty as an accomplice in the murder of Mrs. Williams claiming that he took no hand in the actually killing, but stood guard on the outside while Murphy committed the murder. He denied all knowledge of the murder of the boy, Chester Maker, the grandson of Mrs. Williams. Murphy, according to his story, took him away from the house, and returned alone. On his confession of guilt, the court sentenced him to imprisonment for life in Folsom. He was used as the star witness in the trial of Murphy. The jury, however, discredited his testimony to the extent of acquitting the accused. It transpired after that trial that Swearingin told a different story, still implicating Murphy as the prime mover in the two murders, but admitting that he was present at the killing of Maker. The grand jury was called, and a charge of murder was presented against Swearingin for the killing of Maker, and a true bill found. The case was set for trial in May. In trying one for murder who was already under sentence of life imprisonment, capital punishment was the only additional penalty that could be imposed. After waiting months, it was concluded by the prosecution to indefinitely postpone the trial, and send the prisoner to his destination in Folsom prison. Swearingin is a small, wiry individual, weighing about 140 pounds, but is about the most cold-blooded criminal ever handled by the authorities here. A sense of relief is experienced in having him out of the county.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old, original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. 50c.

Notice.

All persons having any claims against the undersigned at his lumber yard, will be kind enough to present them immediately, and if correct get receipts for the same and thereby confer a favor. All persons without distinction, owing a bill at the same lumber yard by coming forward immediately and paying the same, and getting receipts therefor, will confer equally as great a favor.

The stock in yards cannot be kept up unless parties pay for what they buy. Short credits, and often turning over capital in trade is conducive to lower prices, and in the aggregate more profits.

The above is not a joke, but a simple business proposition and please don't forget it, for it is necessary to make a change in the methods of carrying on the lumber business in Jackson. Monthly settlements of all bills will be the rule hereafter.

F. M. WHITMOORE.

The body of Mitar Pesut, who died in Tonopah last Saturday, was brought to Jackson Tuesday evening for interment. The funeral took place in the cemetery of the Greek church on Wednesday, under the auspices of the Serbian Benevolent Society, of which he was a member. He was formerly a resident of Angels Camp, and went to Tonopah about a year ago. He was about 35 years of age. An attack of pneumonia was the cause of death. The funeral ceremonies were conducted by the Greek priest, Father Simonovich, the Serbian organization attending in a body.

Martha E. Odell, the female wildcat operator, was acquitted of the criminal charge of obtaining money under false pretenses in San Francisco. She married one of the main witnesses, and thereby excluded his testimony. The civil suit is still pending against her.

To-day has been proclaimed a legal holiday by the Governor, on account of the San Francisco disaster. Two legal holidays in succession because of this visitation speaks of the gravity of the situation from every point of view.

The board of city trustees held no meeting last night on account of that day being a legal holiday. No bid has been put in so far for sprinkling the streets.

Living indoors so much during the winter months creates a sort of a stuffy, want-of-ozone condition in the blood and system generally. Clean up and get ready for spring. Take a few Early Risers. These famous little pills cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels and give the blood a chance to purify itself. They relieve headache, sallow complexion, etc. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

At the Jackson Shoe Store for one week, sale on lawn organdies and all summer yard goods. ½ price on summer goods. Starts, Saturday 21st, and lasts for one week.

We have a big shipment of dry goods on the way from the east, what we have must get out, come and see us. Jackson Shoe Store.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Jackson and Every Portion of Amador Felt the Shock.

About fifteen minutes past five Wednesday morning, Jackson experienced the severest earthquake shock known in its history. Many citizens were awakened by the shock. Those who were awake when it started, and therefore realized its full severity, say that never before have they felt such a long-continued and violent motion of the earth. The vibrations seemed to have a northerly and southerly direction. The tremors lasted some say full half a minute. Starting in gently, as if we were on the outer edge of the internal disturbance, and gaining in violence. The swaying motion like the pendulum of a clock, embraced a distance of several inches. Others appear to think that the motion was more of a perpendicular and downward character, rather than horizontal. Bedsteads rocked to and fro, electric and gas fixtures swinging, as if struck by a mighty wind. Timbers creaked, and strange noises accompanied the seismic disturbance. Every part of the county seems to have been involved in the shock, more or less, but as far as we have heard there has been no damage done.

Lost his Finger, but Kept at Work.

Lewis Lamb, of the carpentering firm of Lamb and Wishard of Jackson, has been at Carbondale for the past two weeks, at work with his partner in building log sheds at that place. He was the victim of a painful accident one day last week. In driving a nail, his sleeve caught in some way at the elbow, deflecting the blow, which landed full force on the tip of the first finger of his left hand, mashing it to a pulp. He repaired immediately to lone, and had the finger amputated at the first joint, and thereupon went straight back and resumed his carpentering work as though nothing had happened. The injury was exceedingly painful, but he had the grit to keep right on in spite of the pain.

A Chance For Satisfaction.

If you ever bought a box of Witch Hazel salve that failed to give satisfaction the chances are it did not have the name "F. E. DeWitt & Co." printed on the wrapper and pressed in the box. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve never fails to give satisfaction for burns, sores, boils, itching, cracked hands, and protruding piles it affords almost immediate relief. It stops the pain. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

The Ledoux Murder Case.

C. H. Crocker, senior counsel for the defendant in the celebrated McVicar murder case, returned from a visit to Stockton last Monday evening. He reports that the defendant, Mrs. Ledoux was brought before the court that morning to plead to the indictment, and entered a plea of not guilty. There was no demurrer put in, nor motion to quash the indictment. In fact no technical objections whatever were raised. It seems to be the policy of the defense to make a straight-out fight. By mutual agreement the trial was set for Tuesday, May 22. A third attorney on the defendant's side has been engaged in the person of Chas. H. Fairall, a well-known criminal lawyer of Stockton. He is said to be an expert on criminal law, and is the author of a standard work just published on that branch of jurisprudence.

District Attorney Norton of San Joaquin county, was in Jackson the past week, hunting up, it is presumed, evidence in this noted case. Some interior papers claim that the prosecution is lacking in a motive for the crime.

The district attorney and a stenographic reporter, visited the Head please in quest of evidence; but with what result of course it is impossible to say.

Turned Over to the City.

A meeting of citizens, representing the Jackson fire company was held in the supervisors' room on Tuesday evening. It was called for the special purpose of taking steps to turn over the property of the company, together with the future management of fire matters, to the city trustees. There was no opposition to this program. Indeed, it was conceded to be the proper thing to do. Henry Garbarini, R. I. Kerr and M. Newman were appointed on a committee to formally turn over the assets and liabilities to the city, which will be done at the next meeting of the trustees.

The property is valued at several thousand dollars; the liabilities assumed by the city is \$114.77. It will devolve upon the trustees to hire some one to see that the apparatus is kept in working order, and also to appoint a fire chief to take command in the emergency of a fire.

The Angels Record says: Miss Della Asbury of Amador county is visiting at the home of Job Evans in Douglas Flat.

Unclaimed Letters.

In Jackson Post Office, April 20, 1906. Miss M. Bagel, Miss A. Baumann, Arthur N. Colter, Pietro Chiado, Jos. Derganz, Domenico Franco, Giovanni Garzoni, Mrs. B. Harvey, Miss Emma Jordan, H. W. Krin, G. Lazari, John C. Snell, Kristo Sulovich, Mrs. S. F. Zealzer.

Court Jackson No 148, F. of A., on account of the serious disaster through the state our testives of April 20th are postponed until further notice. By order of the Chief Ranger. H. WEILL, secretary.

Blue Rock Shoot.

There will be a blue rock shoot in Meek's field, near the Zeila mine on Sunday next, April 22. All sporting men are earnestly invited to attend and participate.

250 wash goods for 15 to 18c yard at Jackson Shoe Store.

City Vote Canvassed.

The city board of trustees met last Monday for the purpose of canvassing the election returns and declaring the result. There was no change in the vote as heretofore published. The following were declared elected for the ensuing term.

Trustees—W. E. Kent, W. M. Penny, W. Tam, V. S. Garbarini and Harry Leam.

Marshal and Tax Collector—F. E. Jackson.

Clerk and Assessor—L. J. Glavinovich.

Treasurer—Frederick Eudey.

The clerk, marshal and treasurer filed their bonds, and at once assumed the duties of their office.

At the next meeting, the trustees will make the appointments, such as city attorney, license collector and poundmaster.

Does It Do Any Good?

What good does it do you to eat if your stomach fails to digest the food? None. It does you harm—causes belching, sour stomach, flatulence, etc. When the stomach fails a little Kodol dyspepsia cure after each meal will digest what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Kodol is a thorough digestant and will afford relief from any disorder due to imperfect digestion or mal-assimilation. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Buying up Mules.

Three agents for the parties building the immense construction works near Murphy's, in Calaveras county, were in Amador county last week, buying up all the mules they could get hereabouts. They purchased fourteen head from A. Piccardo of Jackson for \$1500. They were old, well-broken mules. The price paid was deemed very satisfactory. We are told they also secured thirteen head from George Allen of Sutter Creek, and ten from Giannini of Drytown, besides a few other scattering purchases. They want 200 animals, not alone for the big works in process of construction for the proposed electric power plant in Calaveras county, but to ship outside. We learn that some of these mules will be turned out at Camp Seco, until shipped to their respective destinations. By this sale A. Piccardo has disposed of all his stock, outside of the animals necessary to conduct his freight business from the Martell depot to Jackson, which requires some fourteen horses and mules. This means his retirement from the log-hauling business from the mountains to the mines of the mother lode. The price of the logs has reached a point that it is impossible to conduct such hauling at a reasonable profit. Much of the mining timbers have been coming from the outside for years, and this year it is expected that this trade will be given to the railroads to a greater extent than ever.

AMADOR.

Mr. W. Hornberger, who had his eye severely injured by getting several pieces of steel in it a week ago, left for Los Angeles Tuesday morning. He will visit the Grand Parlor of N. S. G. W. to be held at Ventura while away.

The Easter services were largely attended, excellent music was rendered by the choir.

Mrs. Peters formerly of Amador, but now residing in Jackson, was a visitor in town several days last week.

Willie Crosby is visiting friends here.

Miss Edyth Berryman, who resides in San Francisco, is the guest of her parents for a few weeks.

Mr. Wm. Lane has gone to Byron Springs.

Obituary.

William John Trevaskis, died at his home in Newmanville on Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness of miners' consumption. He leaves a wife and two sons, William and John Trevaskis, and Edwin James; also two daughters, both married, Mrs. J. Rose, and Mrs. W. Sobey, the latter in Arizona for her health's sake.

The funeral will take place to-day under the direction of Jackson Lodge I. O. O. F. and Amador Encampment No 17., of which organizations the deceased was a member.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

MINING NOTES.

Sulphurets Saving Plant.—The sulphurets saving plant erected last summer in the canyon of Jackson creek about half a mile west of town by Messrs Chase and Boydston, has been temporarily abandoned. The machinery has been taken out and removed to Amador City. It is rumored that this does not by any means imply the permanent giving up of the undertaking. The plant was not on a sufficiently large scale to handle the mass of material flowing down the creek. In a few months, it is stated, a bigger plant will be put in. One thousand dollars per day is the estimated loss from the mills around here. All this value is represented by gold bearing slimes and sulphurets, and some free gold, that escapes from the mills in spite of all the precautions that can be taken. To save even two or three per cent of this amount would pile up a fortune in a few years. Some one will surely hit upon a plan to do this.

Hotel Arrivals.

National—W A Jones, San Francisco; L E Aitken, B A Farmer, Stockton; J B Roebuck, Sacramento; J N Waters, J H Woods, San Francisco; B C Sprecht, Oroville; Fred Mert, N S Dodge, F Kennedy, San Francisco; Morris M Lesser, Oakland; Jim Schoonmaker, Volcano; Eitak Koraep, Petaluma; Lew Davis, San Francisco; E S Barney, Drytown, W M Young, West Point; T R Brooks and wife, C D Parake, San Francisco; J P Little, Stockton; L Schoenfeld, E S McLeod, San Francisco; C Y Smith, Dallas; K B Christie, Sacramento; E B Hanley, Geo R Murchie, Geo Hambrie, San Francisco; Daniel Shelly, Sacramento; Herman Cramer and wife, Angels; R S Chase, Amador City; Burt Warren, W D Curtis, Sacramento; S G Hoffman, San Francisco; Geo Hall, Sacramento; Geo I Wright, Del Monte mine; Geo E and C P Engstrom, Hamby mine; Jas Shealar, J Richard, Volcano; F A Richard, Stockton; F A Keys, San Francisco; D Morgan Taylor, Mokelumne Hill; E J William, C S Osborn, R V Leigh-ton, San Francisco; J F Cutshall, Geo A Simpson, Detroit; R Oliver, R Triggs, Volcano; N M Sherwood, Stockton; R B Cornell, H W Ohlands, San Francisco.

Globe—N B Schilling, Oleta; Fred D Ellis, San Francisco; J A Manuel, Murphy's; C W Richards, C Williams, Angels; Walter Trefrey and wife, Sacramento; Morris M. Lesser, Oakland; Gus Marre, Gwin mine; Guy Johnson, Sacramento; Leo Schwartz, C Scott, Standard Electric Co.; J K Fugua and wife, Acampo; Fred D Ellis, San Francisco; Joe Bressler, Electra; Geo Dornan, Clay; Sadie Kerr, Edyth Berryman, W H Berryman, Alex Truscott, Amador City, B A Farmer, Stockton; G L Clark, Plymouth; W D Clark, Oleta; J Hughes, San Francisco; W H Mooney, Amador; Daniel Shelly, Sacramento; B W Pitts, Pine Grove; T Fleming, T S Merchant, J W Daniels, San Francisco; C Appelhoff, Dayton, Ohio; Phillip Princeville, San Francisco; C V Runyan, S K Davis, Miss E Costa, Plymouth; Mrs F Thompson, Defender; Jess Jacobs and wife, Los Angeles; C D Parmelee, C S Campbell, Trieste, Geo Walters, Brooklyn, N Y; P F Munday, Penn; A M Bryhan, J Swithenbank and wife, Gwin mine.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

SATURDAY'S SALE.

ONE WEEK.

Starts Saturday, 21st.

ORGANDIES WASH GOODS.

Our entire stock of summer dress goods must go at prices never heard of before. Come and get prices and buy you a summer dress.

½ off regular price.

JACKSON SHOE STORE.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's catarrh cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Pay-up Notice.

Old accounts due the Union House must be paid to Frank Simcich, at the Bridge Saloon, Jackson. ap6 4t.

THE LEADER
of all whiskies
for the club, the
home or medical use,
is **JESSE MOORE**
E. MARRE & BRO., AGENTS.

Big Stock Up-to-date Shoes

The Best Shoes at Reasonable Prices.

The Walk Over Shoe, Utz & Dunn and E. P. Reed; also the Napa Tan for Men.

Sutter Creek Show's Cash Store Amador Co.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grove* on every box. 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*

THE OLDEST PAPER
Has largest circulation
Best advertising medium
It pays the Business Man to
Advertise in the Ledger.

THE AMADOR LEDGER

JOB PRINTING, CITY RATES

You can get your Billheads
Letter Heads, etc. printed at
the Ledger for less than you
can buy blank stock for else-
where.
Envelopes, per 1000 - - \$3.00
Posters, 1-4 sheet, 50 for - 1.50
Half sheets - - 2.00

Magazine Section.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CAL., APR. 20, 1906.

A NEW GOULD BABY.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN FAMILY OF GREAT FINANCIER AND RAIL- ROAD MAGNATE.

Married Life of Son of Jay Gould and Wife Described as Ideally Happy— Regardless of Great Wealth, They Live Very Simple.

The Goulds have been married 20 years. It was in 1886 when the eldest son of Jay Gould, then almost as unknown and indeterminate a factor in finance as either of his two brothers, Howard and Frank, is at present, provided the town with a momentary sensation by wedding Miss Edith Kingdon, who was a member of Augustin Daly's theatrical company. The match was regarded as ideal in all respects. Miss Kingdon's position socially and professionally was assured. Her heri-

Mrs. Bleakeley and the baby, bundled her into the hack, and took her to the Santa Fe train. They were compelled to wait a few minutes, and while they sat in the hack Judge Smart, who had awarded the baby to the other woman, passed it on his way to the Ottawa train.

"When the train came in Mrs. Bleakeley was placed on the Pullman without attracting any attention and put in charge of the frat. boy's parents. "The parents were simply ordered to see Mrs. Bleakeley through Kansas City safely, and, like good modern parents, they obeyed.

"The difficulty lay in the Union depot at Kansas City, where it was expected a detention telegram would be awaiting them. The Sheriff of one of the largest counties in Illinois, J. H. Ray, Willis county, was on the train, a man as big in proportion as his own county, big of body and big of heart. He made the acquaintance of the father of the frat. boy, and in his dilemma the lat-

RODE TO THEIR DEATH.

HEROIC CHARGE OF TWO CHEY- ENNE INDIANS AGAINST FIVE TROOPS OF CAVALRY.

A Tragic Romance of the Tepee— Repetition of the Days of Chivalry— Flesh and Blood Against a Hail of Lead Bullets.

BY W. M. WOOSTER.

About fifty miles north of the Big Horn Mountains, and forty miles south from the Yellowstone River, in southeastern Montana, live the tribe of fearless Northern Cheyenne Indians. A few decades ago they ranged the great plains, following the buffalo, but are now attached to the Tongue River Agency.

The men are tall, well-built, brave; and their women are proverbially chaste. With the disappearance of the game and the decadence of inter-tribal warring, the young braves have had little or no opportunity to show their prowess.

In the summer of 1890, two young men—Head Chief and Young Mule—who had failed to find favor with the maidens of their choice, took to the war-path to win distinction and wives. A moon! and the disappointed lovers, wearing their eagle feathers red-tipped, as warriors do, were again at home.

Rumors of their return soon reached their Agent, who recalled that a white herder living near the reservation had been missing from his home for nearly a month.

The Murder of a Sheep Herder.

The returned braves were questioned. They openly admitted going on the war-path and killing the herder. A detachment of the two troops of cavalry stationed at the Agency, assisted by some Northern Cheyennes, made search for the body. It was found on the evening of September 9, and had been scalped.

Fearing trouble, three additional troops were hurriedly sent from Fort Keogh, Montana, and the Agent called a council of the chiefs and head-men, demanding that they arrest and deliver the murderers.

Two Moons, the war chief, battle-scarred and old, pleaded for the young braves, offering a ransom of thirty ponies for the dead herder. This was declined. Chief American Horse then arose and said his warriors would fight if the soldiers attempted to take the young braves alive; and that their final message was:

"Select the place of meeting, and we will come and die in your sight, fighting the soldiers."

The council was dismissed, and the Indians returned in the evening to their lodges in the hills south of the Agency.

Twilight fell. Soon a flaming arrow blazed like a rocket in the southern sky. And far to the north, signal fires were seen.

Gathering of the Warriors.

All night armed warriors, hideously painted, hurried to the circle of hills commanding the Agency, while lights burned late in the valley below, where the agency officers were consulting.

In the crimson dawn, watching warriors saw a mounted Indian police leave the Agency and take his way southward along the misty mountain trail. It was the decision for peace or for war. As the first rays of the sun gilded the Indians' tepees, he drew rein and dismounted at the lodge of American Horse. The challenge of the two braves to fight the soldiers had been accepted—to fight at the Agency at set of sun.

Directly runners were off to intercept the fleeing squaws and children. The warriors clamored for a fight with the troops but the chief refused. The council, he said, had spoken with straight, not crooked, tongues.

Slowly the chill September morning warmed to amethyst afternoon. An eagle wheeled high above the hills, which formed an amphitheatre. In the center, or arena, were the Agency buildings and the troops. As the shadows crept out in the valley, the spectators—warriors old and young, and squaws with papooses and children—began taking their places on the circle of hills. They would see the fight.

With Hearts of Iron.

Forth from their refuge in the Wolf Mountains, rode Head Chief and Young Mule, painted and armed for war. Unguarded they rode. Still was there time to escape, but the pride of their race, held them. They went on.

Five miles to the north lay the peaceful valley, and the arena with its massed five hundred guns. The trail wound in and out among the hills. Leaves were falling, and here and there were bright red spots of foliage. Overhead they noticed a flock of birds winging southward. They thought of the maidens they loved; of the war-path; of the feathers tipped with blood, and their faces darkened. Silently they held their way northward. Soon was reached the crest of a high spur. They turned their ponies to the west and drew rein. The sun was almost down. For an instant they gazed; then pointed to the earth, and raised their arms in supplication to the Great Spirit—wheeling, they headed east at a gallop.

Presently they pass some warriors who promptly signal their approach to the waiting Indian spectators. Now they gallop to the very crest of a high hill, perhaps five hundred yards west of the Agency buildings. There they stop in full view of the soldiers. A bugle sounds. The troopers mount and move to a dry creek-bed about fifty

yards from the Agency. They take position in the form of a crescent, and sit with loaded carbines unslung, waiting.

At the top of the long steep hill in their front, silhouetted against the flaming sky, sit the two slender braves on their ponies. Coolly they lash themselves to their saddles. Raising their rifles high above their heads, they shake them at the troops and begin a shrill song of defiance. Suddenly they fire at the Agency. Their signal!

Into the Jaws of Death.

A bugle blows. In an instant they launch their ponies, straight as arrow from the bow, at the center of the crescent of soldiers. Down the hill they come, full charge, shouting the savage Cheyenne war-cry and firing as they ride.

A bugle blast! and a withering volley blazes forth from five hundred guns. Still the ringing war yell. On through the smoke they come, apparently unscathed, working their rifles like mad.

FARMING THE SWAMPS.

PLAN TO DRAIN MILLIONS OF ACRES OF WORTHLESS MARSH FOR NEW FARMS.

Representative Steenerson Has Bill to Provide a Government Fund to Reclaim Hundred Million Acres of Wet Lands.

The great swamp areas are destined to come in soon for their share at the hands of the government. The irrigation of desert lands has been provided for; but no definite move has been made as yet to convert the enormous areas of government swamp land into productive farm homes. The other day a bill was introduced to provide for the drainage of the great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, which General Washington, a century ago, proclaimed would one day be converted into farms.

shall be pro-rated among the land benefited and paid back by the settlers into the "fund," to be used over again for additional reclamation work.

Would Create Thousands of Homes!

This plan of developing the internal resources of the country and making homes of waste places, is splendid in its scope, and appears to be entirely practicable and profitable. Take for instance, the single example of the swamp lands of the Kankakee River basin in Indiana and Illinois. Here are some 400 thousand acres of the very richest of bottom lands, but subject to overflow. They are worthless except where they have been reclaimed through expensive private drainage works, when they have become worth \$100. and \$150. an acre. Yet it is estimated by the government surveyors and engineers that the entire system could be effectively drained at a cost in the neighborhood of \$10. an acre. The same can be said of the lands of the Red River Valley in Minnesota. These include the finest grain and farm lands in the northwest except that they are frequently overflowed. It would be worth millions of dollars to the farmers and settlers, who would occupy these lands in small tracts, to have a perfect system of drainage provided. These extensive systems, however, especially where they are interstate, seem to be feasible for handling only by the general government.

The Steenerson bill places the entire management of the work in the Reclamation Service and the plan of operation follows very closely the irrigation work now being done by that branch of the Interior Department. Government lands, ceded Indian lands and private lands may be included in any drainage project, but in each case the cost of the drainage improvement is to be borne by the owner of the land and no settler can have drainage provided for more than 160 acres, thus insuring the division of the tracts into small farms which must be actually settled upon and tilled.

Drainage Work Already in Progress.

This work the Reclamation Service is qualified to do at this very moment. While primarily an engineering bureau it has, in all its great irrigation projects, to deal directly with the farmer. It must outline a comprehensive drainage system for each irrigation project,



THE EVERGLADES
—
CYPRESS SENTINELS
OF LAKE DRUM-
MOND, DISMAL
SWAMP
Courtesy Ernest Service

They seem to spring to meet the second awful crash and glare of the guns. Not yet down? Impossible! No flesh and blood could withstand such a fire! Into and through the columns of shrinking horses and men in blue they burst, like devils incarnate. Some of the horses reel and go down with the troopers. But instantly the cavalymen whirl and give the swaying flying braves another deadly volley at close range.

Head Chief reels frightfully in his saddle. His pony goes down with a sickening thud, riddled by a dozen balls, not twenty feet from the crescent line. Young Mule convulsively throws his arms in the air and lurches backward. Again the merciless volley, and he collapses. His pony plunges headlong. Dead! Stone-dead they lie, still lashed to the bodies of their twitching ponies.

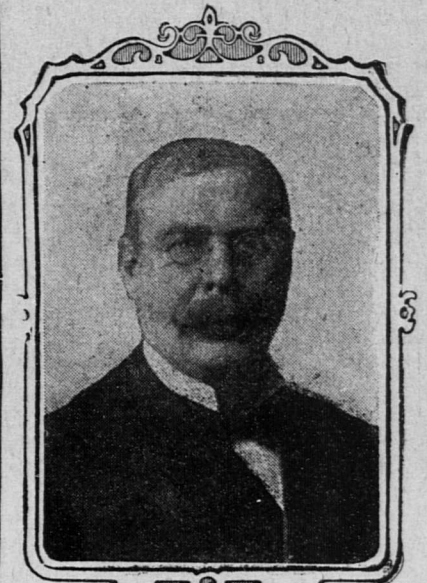
Again the bugle calls. The fight is over. Squaws begin their wailing. Their young braves have died fighting. They are heroes.

Many of the girls in the Alps wear trousers.

A very comprehensive bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, who, if he can push his measure to enactment into a law, will be deserving of the praise of not only this but future generations. His bill is a practical extension of the old homestead idea, or rather, perhaps, an application, to the vast areas of our swamp lands, of the idea embodied in the national irrigation law.

There are in the neighborhood of 100 million acres of swamp lands in the United States, some 70 million of which have been surveyed, the great bulk of which would make splendid farms, if the excess of water were drained off.

The Steenerson bill provides for the beginning of the work of reclamation of these huge areas. The measure is framed after the irrigation law; it provides that the receipts from the sales of public lands in the non-irrigation states shall constitute a "drainage fund" to be expended by the Government in great drainage works, and further, that the cost of such drainage



Representative Halver Steenerson of Minnesota
To do this the Service has its own farm and soil experts. Some of the irrigation projects have distinctively drainage features, in fact are almost as
(Continued on next page.)



MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

A MOTHER OF SEVEN BRIGHT CHILDREN.

tage was undeniably suitable for an alliance with the chief heir of one of the wealthiest men of the day. Personally she was the embodiment of a beautiful, gracious, vivacious, well-bred and mentally dowered American girl.

Ideal is a hackneyed and greatly abused word, but it is the only one that aptly and satisfactorily describes the life and companionship of the Goulds in the two decades that have elapsed since they stood at the altar. Mrs. Gould is pre-eminently a domestic woman. Her home and her stalwart boys and handsome, sprightly girls are her first consideration, in common with her husband.

Regardless of their great wealth, the Goulds live their lives simply. Mrs. Gould has artistic tastes developed and cultivated along rational lines, and these she indulges to the top of her bent. Mr. Gould is in fullest sympathy with her inclinations in this direction and shares them with her. Probably there are nowhere persons of their means who are less in the public prints than the Goulds. Mrs. Gould cares little for society, as most persons accept the term, but is found of entertaining the congenial men and women who compose their set.

THE INCUBATOR BABY.

Story of How Two Women Struggled for Its Possession.

The tiny little infant who reposed in the incubator at the St. Louis Fair has, since the close of that exposition, attracted more attention than it did during the entire time that it was the object of interest of the sightseers.

At the close of the Exposition, two women sought possession of the child, each claiming it to be her own. Each secured a writ giving her the custody of the child through decrees of different courts, but Mrs. Bleakeley, who had at first been awarded the care of the infant through the ruling of the law at Moline, Illinois, took the law into her own hands when the court at Lawrence, Kansas, decided against her. According to his own story, Senator Fred D. Smith, of Kinsley, played an important role in the case when the mother of the "incubator baby" recently disappeared suddenly with the baby from Lawrence.

"When Mrs. Bleakeley left the court room at Lawrence after the decision against her," he stated, "and returned to her mother's house she was nearly frantic. In mere desperation she fled from the back door and sought refuge in a college fraternity house nearby and begged the boys to help her. It was then nearly 6 o'clock, and the parents of one of the boys, a red-headed frat. youngster, were expected to be on Santa Fe train No. 6 en route to Kansas City, and this boy had a hack in readiness to drive him to the train. The boys promptly raised a purse of \$25 to get some clothes for

ter submitted the matter to him of how to get Mrs. Bleakeley and the baby across from the Santa Fe to the Rock Island train, which might be late, without observation. The Sheriff promptly overruled that plan and it was agreed that Mrs. Bleakeley should remain in the Pullman drawing room while in Kansas City, and go through to the Sheriff's home town, where he would put her on the train for Moline. As a precaution the Sheriff added 'Mrs.' in front of the name on a bench warrant with which he had been on a fruitless errand to Colorado, and placed Mrs. Bleakeley under arrest, technically at least.

"When the train reached Kansas City the frat. boy's father went out and bought a nursing bottle and hot milk and other necessities for the baby, which had been left behind in the hurry of departure, while the Sheriff stood guard at the door of the drawing room, a massive and satisfying protector.

"No one appeared, and the woman and baby went on without hindrance. She stopped one night at the Sheriff's home, cared for by his wife, and on Saturday was in Moline, under the protection of that court's decree.

"The whole thing was ludicrously simple, and yet was woven of some curious coincidences, each helping to carry through the escape and each playing its unpremeditated but important part in the final success."

The red-headed college fraternity boy was Eustice Smith, son of Senator Smith.

Eagle Quill for Statehood Bill.

President Roosevelt will sign the Statehood bill with a pen made from a quill plucked from an Oklahoma eagle's wing.

When Charles Hunter, the newly appointed clerk of the district court at Oklahoma, was in Washington some days ago, the President promised to give him the pen which he would use in signing the Statehood bill. Mr. Hunter went home and had a pen made from an eagle's quill.

A Great Hunter.

His brand new gun was "hammerless," His powder, too, was what Is known as "smokeless," and we guess That he had "hitless" shot.

The canals which form a network throughout a greater part of China abound in fish. The rice-fields, which are supplied with water from these canals, make ideal hatching places for the eggs and for the young fry during their early existence.

The largest of telescopes is the 36-inch equatorial called the Universe Discoverer, at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, a 4000-foot peak of the Monte Diablo range in California.

\$2000.00 IN CASH PRIZES FREE

Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but THIS \$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON MAY 15, ABSOLUTELY FREE to the persons sending us the nearest correct solutions. !:

Arrange the 11 letters printed in the centre groups into the names of six cities of the United States. Can you do it? Large CASH PRIZES, as listed below, to those who send in the nearest solutions, will be given away on May 15. First Prize, \$200.00 in Gold. Second Prize, \$25.00 in Gold. Third Prize, \$15.00 in Gold. Fourth Prize, \$10.00 in Gold. Five Prizes of \$5.00 each. Ten Prizes of \$2.50 each. Fifty Prizes of \$1.00 each. Making a Total of Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes. Don't send us ANY MONEY when you answer this advertisement, as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.—In preparing the names of the six cities, the letters in each group can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used that does not appear. After you have found the six correct names you will have used every letter in the list exactly as many times as it appears. These prizes ARE GIVEN, as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. The attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. TRY AND WIN. If you make out the six names, send them with your letter, and a contest like this is very interesting. Our Magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send FREE a copy of the magazine to anyone who answers this advertisement. COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY ON THIS CONTEST. Every one who will find it a very ingenious mix-up of letters, which can be straightened out to spell the names of six well-known cities of the United States. Send in the names right away. As soon as the contest closes you will be notified if you have won a prize. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the names of these cities, write them neatly and plainly and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. Understand, the nearest correct solutions win the prizes. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best way of advertising we can get to offer LARGE PRIZES. Here are the names and addresses of a few people who have recently awarded prizes: M. M. Hamrah, Fernwood, Miss. 75; H. A. Parnelle, Millford, Neb. 561; Kate E. Dunlap, 123 N. Hill street, Los Angeles, Cal. 21; Mrs. E. Pfeiffer, Richmond, Tex. 255; M. G. Christensen, Greer, Minn. 50; Mrs. C. E. Welting, 1330 Lauderdale street, Memphis, Tenn. 52; Mrs. Harriet S. Bullard, 120 Intendencia street, Pensacola, Fla. 54; J. C. Henry, Box 16, Silgo, Ind. 55; Henry Perry, Central Islip, L. I., N. Y. 52; James A. Coater, Holden, Mo. 52; Evelyn S. Murray, 132 S. Central Avenue, Austin, Chicago, Ill. 55; Mrs. L. D. Puffenberger, 340 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y. 50.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE

SEYRASUG
HDARTROF
GSOLUMBU
TOELOD
LOVILLEUIS
MINPOLISNEA

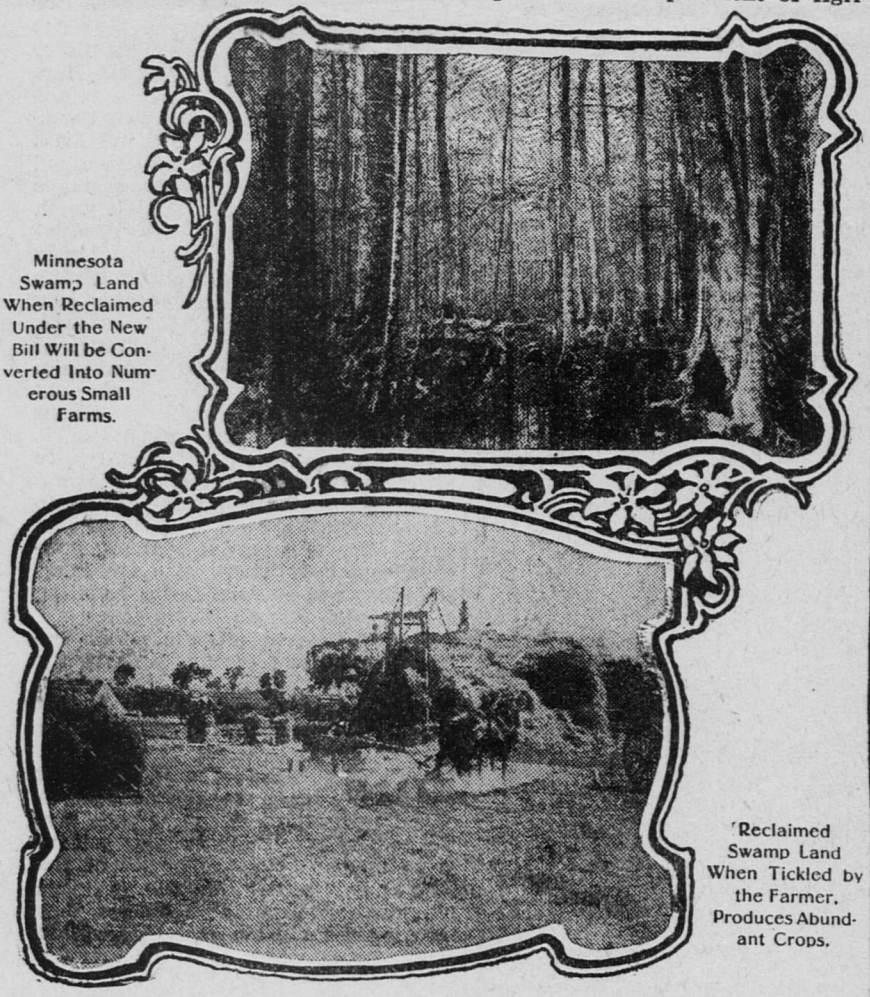
CAN YOU SOLVE IT?

We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names. The solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and it will amply pay you to TRY AND SOLVE IT. THESE CITIES. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the cities. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent Magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, Can you get the correct solution? If you can do so, write the names of the cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Lazy and foolish people neglect these grand free offers and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GREAT OFFERS. We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. We intend to have the largest circulation for our high-class Magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes. It is the successful way to get your Magazine talked about. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the puzzle is no exception. Write us your solution and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this contest, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In answering this puzzle, please send your solution to THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give it immediately. DON'T DELAY. Get your name on our list and win a prize. Write plainly. Address

THE HOPKINS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
22426 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

much drainage as they are irrigation projects. In the Klamath project, 136,000 acres, or more than half of the area of the total project, is rich tule land covered by eight or ten feet of water, and is to be drained and converted into over a thousand farms. The topographic branch of the Geological Survey, of which the Reclamation Service is also a branch has already run its lines over many of the great swamp areas of the eastern states and as soon as the Steenerson bill becomes a law the Geological Survey engineers will be ready to launch out into immediate activity in drainage projects.

Would Start with a Million Dollars.
The fund provided by the bill would be small as compared with the irrigation fund—it would approximate half a million dollars a year and would start off with about \$1,000,000, the receipts from the sales for the fiscal year 1905 being included—but on the other hand the cost of drainage would not be so great as that of irrigation. The importance of this work of wholesale drainage, in order to provide homes for the increased popula-



Minnesota Swamp Land When Reclaimed Under the New Bill Will Be Converted Into Numerous Small Farms.

Reclaimed Swamp Land When Ticked by the Farmer, Produces Abundant Crops.

tion, is scarcely second in importance to the irrigation work. It means that tens of millions of acres of the most fertile land imaginable, which has lain idle for ages, may be converted from dismal and pestilential swamps and useless bogs into highly prosperous homes, to become the garden spots of the nation.

The Dutch have reclaimed vast areas in Holland from the encroachments of the ocean. Thousands of families live and farm below sea level, gaining their security by magnificent feats of engineering and persistence. They now contemplate the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, reclaiming some 1,350,000 additional acres of meadow land. American drainage in most cases would be far more simple and less expensive; it is simply a question as to whether the nation will see the wisdom of setting its hand to this work.

Another Inland Empire.
In Florida the everglades alone—almost solid muck beds—would afford an empire of some 7 million acres: in New Jersey and Virginia are vast swamps, among them the famous Dismal Swamp. In Illinois which is generally regarded as a well settled agricultural state, there are 4 million acres of swamp land; in Michigan there are nearly 6 million acres. Fertile Iowa has about 2 million acres of swamp land. In Minnesota there are almost 5 million acres of rich surveyed swamp lands and huge swamp areas not yet surveyed. Arkansas has tremendous swamp areas which could be drained and made habitable, and in all there is a swamp area in the eastern half of the United States which is equal in extent to the great agricultural states of Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, with three or four smaller eastern states thrown in.

If the Steenerson bill demonstrates that the government can transform



DRAINING SWAMP LANDS.

swamps into fertile farm land and that the settler or owner will pay back to the government the relatively small cost of the improvement, there seems to be no reason why this work of creation of value out of worthless waste, should not go on indefinitely and provide homes for millions more of rural population.

The Single Woman.
“There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion toward love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, does, naturally spread itself toward many,” said Lord Bacon, three centuries ago. The remark might be applied with good reason to the unmarried women, who with in the last half century has become a moving power in the world, as such names as Florence Nightingale, Susan B. Anthony, Francis Willard, Clara Barton, Harriet Martineau, Francis Power Cobbe, Mary Lyon and Jane Adams, to quote but a few, will show.

THE CAMERON ELM.

FAMOUS TREE OF THE CAPITOL SUBJECT OF A GREAT SENATORIAL ORATION.

“Don” Cameron's Eloquence Overcame Demands of Architects and big Elm Blocks the South Entrance to Nation's Capitol.

One of the famous trees of Washington is the Cameron elm, and a romantic little story attaches to it. The tale is interesting in itself, but is peculiarly so in view of the country's long ruthless and wanton disregard of trees and the apparent present awakening of a recognition of the economic worth of, and sentimental devotion to them. It should be borne in mind that Washington City is an arboretum of historic trees. Most of these are known as “memorial trees” because they were planted by distinguished soldiers, statesmen and artists now dead. The Capitol grounds, the National Botanic Garden, the White House grounds and the park of the Department of Agri-

HIS WIFE WAS A WONDER.
When the news of the death of the Hon. Yonks Van Dolsen reached Wighamton it fell like a wet pall over the place. Richard Van Dolsen was in the wild Missouri Mountains looking up timber tracks that had been offered at tempting prices, and Mrs. Van Dolsen had to bear her sorrow alone. She shut herself in her house and would see no one but Miss Arsdale. When she appeared again she was in deep mourning and fled East with her sorrow.

There was no one in Wighamton who could boast of such distinguished ancestry as the Van Dolsens, except Hetty Arsdale, and she, poor girl, was the last of her line. Poor in purse, but rich in pride, Miss Arsdale was a source of considerable worry to her many friends in Wighamton. Being an Arsdale, she could not stoop to work, nor could she accept indiscriminate charity. She was, however, grateful for opportunities to relieve her good friends of the regrettable necessity of destroying such things, as they no longer could conveniently keep. In doing this she thought she was doing a favor and her friends respected her pride, but found it extremely difficult to keep her alive and clothed.

Everyone said that it was really too bad that the death of Yonks Van Dolsen should occur at just the time it did, three weeks before Miss Hetty's wedding. Miss Hetty had long been looked upon as a confirmed spinster, but, after having passed the forty mark some distance, had met one Hector McGregor, and their wedding day was soon settled upon. Yonks Van Dolsen nearly upset everything, and Mrs. Van Dolsen went into black, shut up her house and then went away.

Some days after Mrs. Van Dolsen had left for the East, Richard Van Dolsen arrived in Wighamton, and while on his way home met his friend, Tom Garrick, and the two men exchanged a hearty greeting, after which Mr. Van Dolsen asked about village news and learned for the first of Miss Arsdale's approaching marriage.

Garrick walking by the side of his old friend suddenly said, “Dick, I suppose you know Mrs. Van Dolsen has gone East?” “Well, no,” said Van Dolsen easily, but she rather expected to leave before I got back.” He looked at Garrick curiously. “Why do you look at me that way, Tom, there's nothing wrong with Elizabeth, is there?”

“No, not with Mrs. Van, Dick, but Yonks Van Dolsen is dead.” “Well, I should say he was, Tom; it's certainly time he was.” “But what is the joke?” “I guess you don't understand me, Dick, I said Yonks Van Dolsen was dead. Your wife felt his death deeply and when she left for the East was in heavy mourning for him.”

Van Dolsen dropped the heavy valise he was carrying and laughed until he was completely out of breath and the tears were streaming down his face.

“Elizabeth in mourning for that old rhinoceros-hid reprobate,” he cried, “Tom, you will kill me with your talk.”

They had reached his office, and Van Dolsen found the letter which he felt

clothes for her wedding outfit and no way of getting any.” “Elizabeth is a corker, Tom; what does she do?” “Why, she resurrects old Yonks, who died in 1679, long enough to go into mourning for him, so that poor Hetty Arsdale could do her the favor of relieving her of her unbecoming clothes, of which she had laid in a large stock, both for outside and inside wear.”

Van Dolsen paused and his friend said, “Van, I agree with you, your wife is a wonder.”—Washington Star.

Both Lucky and Odd.
Midway between sentiment and superstition lies a feminine trait which cherishes odd little trinkets that seem to bring luck. That any jeweled bauble can possibly change the capricious whims of Dame Fortune remains as always, a shadowy possibility. That a pleasant memory attached to some small ornament can be constantly recalled by the treasured trinket is without a doubt. So with divided affection women still cling to the savage luck charm as closely in 1906 as did their barbaric sisters whose calendar was the setting sun.

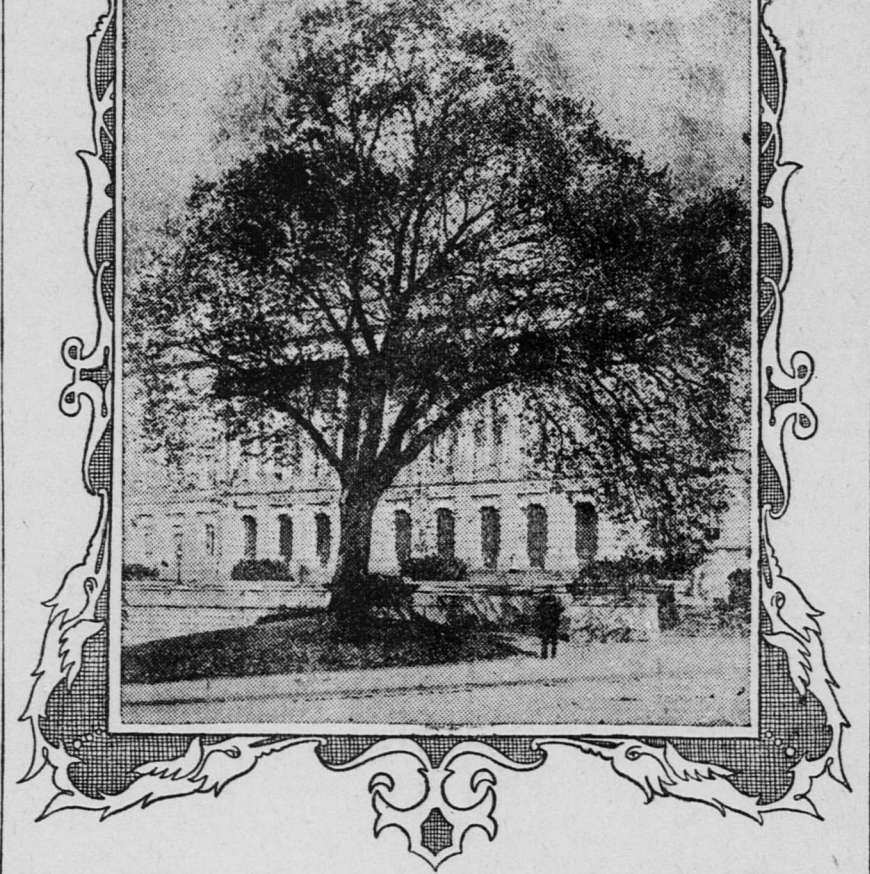
It is with the most up-to-date business women that one finds the most novel trinkets. Actresses particularly wear unusual luck ornaments, and not the least fetching of these is a gold chain which never leaves the neck of a very pretty leading woman in a popular theatrical company. Caught between the delicate links at intervals of two inches are all sorts of semi-precious stones as well as genuine gems.

Each individual stone represents the gift of some good friend who has been associated with her in her stage career, and the chain already holds twenty jewels as well as a souvenir pendant gold and enamel bangle with diamond eyes. The different stones include a rare yellow diamond and topaz, several oddly shaped water pearls, and clasp the chain at the back a large square garnet of richest hue.

Then there is a very popular teacher in one of the big cities who has been at the head of a shorthand school for a number of years. Her luck souvenir is a coin waist belt made entirely of ten-cent pieces. It was started by her first class of girls, every one of whom was devoted to her. When their term was over, however, their very meagre pocketbooks would allow the majority of them to give only ten cents apiece. So one of their members conceived the happy idea of having the dimes joined in the form of a bracelet, and each girl's initial was scratched on Liberty's cap.

As class followed class, the idea took root and the ten-link bracelet has grown to a good sized waist belt with four rows of coins. Some are thick and some are thin, and many bear hardly a resemblance to the newly minted dime, but they all carry the initials of some young pupil to whom the cheery teacher was an inspiration, and the coins stand for everything in the world to their owner. In fact so much a part of her has the belt become that she never thinks of going anywhere without it, and she sleeps with it under her pillow at night.

In contrast to this luck charm of



THE CAMERON ELM SUBJECT OF AN ORATION IN THE U. S. SENATE.

sure his wife had left for him. After reading and rereading the letter he turned to his friend and said, “Yes, Tom, Yonks Van Dolsen is dead and I am going in mourning for him; he was a fine old man; my wife has written me all about it. There are some matters, Tom, I cannot explain—in the family, you know, Tom.”

As soon as possible Richard Van Dolsen had a crape band sewed on his hat, but it seemed hard for him to overcome his natural cheerfulness, still he tried to enter into the crepe band spirit and often said to his friends, “Yes, poor old Yonks is dead; he was a fine old man; I can scarcely realize that I am in mourning for him.”

Ten days after Miss Arsdale's wedding, Van Dolsen sent for his old friend, Tom Garrick, and after carefully closing the door to his private office, said:

“Tom, I've been thinking things over, and I guess it will be annoying to Mrs. Van to do all the explaining, so I am going to do it for her. Elizabeth is the best woman on earth and thinks of kind things that no one else would think of.” “You know how proud Hetty Arsdale is,” Van Dolsen continued. “Funny girl, too; she'd take things no one had any use for, but nothing she thought anyone could use.” “Elizabeth was sorry for her because she knew she had no proper

Stopped the “Fast Flyer.”

At a recent dinner at the White House, the following story, was told by one of the guests on Secretary Taft, who was present, and who, by the way, tips the scales at beyond the three-hundred-pound mark:

The Secretary was returning to Washington from Chicago aboard the “Fast Flyer” that only stops at large cities. He had urgent business with an old acquaintance of his who lived at a small station about two hundred miles from Washington, the population of which is about five hundred. He asked the conductor if he could stop the train for him at that place, but he replied that it would be impossible for him to do so—that he certainly would lose his job if he did. Well, after much worrying over his disappointment, Mr. Taft thought of a scheme by which he could gain his end, and when the train next stopped he sent a message to the superintendent of the road, saying:

“Will you stop your ‘Fast Flyer’ at Denizen for a large party on way to Washington? If so, instruct conductor to stop today.”

About an hour passed, when the conductor, passing through the train, stopped at the Secretary's seat and told him that he would be able to get off at Denizen as he had been ordered to stop his train there for a large party going to Washington. The Secretary smiled, with that childlike expression of innocence for which he is famed, thanked him and settled down again behind his paper. Two hours later the porter of the train called “Denizen. Denizen.” much to the surprise of the passengers. Mr. Taft gathered up his handgrip and started for the platform of the car, where he was standing when the train came to a dead stop. As he stepped off the train there was no one in sight but the surprised-looking station agent.

Cook Could Use Nickname Too.

Hawaiian servants are the best—the best in the world, but they are strangely unsophisticated, strangely naive,” said a lady who had lived in the Islands.

“Hawaiian servants insist on calling you by your first name. Ours were always saying to my husband, ‘Yes, John, or All right, John,’ and to me ‘Very well, Ann, or ‘Ann, I am going out.’”

“At last I got tired of this, and I said to John, when we got a new cook: ‘Don't ever call me by my first name in the new cook's presence. Then, perhaps, not knowing my name, he'll have to say Mrs. to me.’”

“So John was very careful always to address me as ‘Dearie’ or ‘Sweetheart,’ but the new cook—a watchful chap—at first gave me no title at all.

Very soon after, we had some English officers to dinner. I told them how I had overcome, in the new cook's case, the native servant's horrid abuse of his employer's Christian names, and I said ‘By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Ann.’

“Just then the new servant entered the room. He bowed to me respectfully and said:

“‘Sweetheart, dinner is served.’
“‘What?’ I stammered.
“‘Dinner's served, Dearie,’ answered the new cook.”

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DEPT. 25.



FROM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

Compiled by Wm. R. Mackrill.

It was a glorious fall evening in Paris. We were seated in the club of the Boulevard Germain, discussing the stirring events of the day. There had been rumors and reports of disagreements between France and Germany. No man could say that would happen next. Both nations were on the quiver, armed, mobilizing, ready to fight the first drop of blood.

Brangere, the sculptor, drew up a small table and we prepared for a game of the fascinating American poker. Brangere, with Ouyard, the banker, Mongervail, former French ambassador to St. Petersburg, and myself, made up the game.

Suddenly Latour, the correspondent of La Vie, burst in upon us. His eyes were sparkling. Latour's eyes always contained a message of some kind. "Have you heard the latest?" he inquired.

"No. What has happened?" "War is declared!" "We jumped to our feet in astonishment. Mutual insults have passed. The Germans have burned the French ambassador in effigy. The French retaliate by hanging a dummy Kaiser. The streets are full of mobs, all of one mind. Germany must back down. In Berlin the people are swarming the streets, demanding that Germany stand up on her dignity. So there you have it."

"And what from the War Office?" asked Mongervail. "Latour bent over our table and fairly hissed the words: 'The Germans have already invaded France. They are swarming across the frontier. And oh, the shame of it—we are not ready. There are no troops in the field. It is the assembly of the Government, the littleness, the selfishness, the greed of the commanders and the ministers!'"

"Latour's breath gave out. He was always tragic. Our game was forgotten. We looked at one another in dumb amazement. For none knew better that we the unpreparedness of the French, against which stood the mighty power of the enemy, her teeming population, every man of which had been trained to carry a gun, to shoot to obey orders. And the Germans had chosen their season well. I recalled a pronouncement of the German General Staff in 1905, when they said, 'We shall impose on the French winter campaign. Our soldiers, coming from the cold regions of the north, will march toward a temperate climate, and the advantage will be altogether ours.'"

"Our party was broken up. The impending crisis was too much for us all. 'I shall go to the front and gather material for a wonderful group—the dying Generalissimo,' said Brangere, throwing back his broad shoulders. 'The French will win,' said Ouyard, smiling. 'And I shall loan them funds as much as they may need—without charge, for the sake of my beloved France.' And here he lied, for I knew that he would demand interest to the last sou."

"Adieu," said Mongervail. "I go to the President. I shall urge meditation, and I, myself, shall be an ambassador to arrange terms." He withdrew grandiloquently. "I was left alone—I, James Adams, a plain American of adventure, to perform a part of which I had then no conception."

"It is dangerous in France, or in Germany either, for that matter, to be secretive. Suspicions are sure to be aroused if your business is not well known and openly stated. Therefore it was well that I was allied with large American manufacturing firms, with offices in Berlin, Hamburg, Paris and Calais. In France I was careful to be French in sympathy and outspoken. In Germany I became a Teuton to the core. In addition to this ready adaptability, I was personally acquainted with the French and German rulers, had excellent German connections, and was well known in Belgium, Holland and Italy. And inasmuch as it often became necessary for me to

change my colors and affiliations several times in as many weeks, my acquaintance stood me in good turn. Aside from my personal interests it was no light matter this already active demonstration of forces on the part of Germany. The disagreement which had grown out of the Algeiras controversy was only one of a series of misunderstandings between the two nations, complicated by European diplomatic twistings and turnings, had fanned the flames already arising from Germany's openly announced dream of world-wide hegemony. Added to this, the propagandist publications of the Pan-Germanic League; the annexation of Austria, German expansion in Asia-Minor, the ruin of English sea-power, and the political and economic domination of Europe, permitting the flooding of the world by German products through the four ports of Hamburg, Antwerp, Salonica and Trieste, had stirred to resentment the material interests of France and even of England. Although I was in the midst of a seething convulsion, as was sure to be produced by war, she was not content to lie supinely and see her opportunities wrested from her people by German hands. What wonder, then, that all France rose in one patriotic cry: 'TO ARMS! TO ARMS!'"

I left the club and made my way through the crowded streets to the Avenue d'Opera, reaching the Grand Hotel, my ears were assailed by a clamor, which rose and fell and burst like a storm. Bands of civilians, thousands in each, composed of laborers and artists, were marching boisterously up and down the streets, cheering and singing the Marseillaise, with flags and banners flying of every color and description. Presently I heard the trampling of horses coming down the street, mingled with the loud cheering of the populace. It was a troop of Cuirassiers, and in another two miles, proceeding meanwhile rapidly east, when General Martini, a hero of Sedan, laid his hand on my

shoulder. "Look," he said, quietly, pointing below us. He had been sweetly, ing the country with his field glasses, and his eyes, trained to keen observation, had discerned what we were all looking for. I turned my glasses in the same direction. There was the vindication of my theory. Far below the German Province of Lorraine, north here and there a town resembling clusters of red and white flowers, through this fair country stretched the highways like white ribbons. But what was that silent, sinuous, snake-like movement on every road, extending for miles? Troops and troops of soldiers, helmets and gun-barrels glittering and flashing in the bright sun. As far as the eye could reach, with brief intervals between them, we saw the thousands and thousands of German soldiers. General Martini turned to the telegraph instrument and clicked off a message; and I knew that within five minutes the General Staff would learn, through its watchers in the Eiffel Tower Station, that the German rush across the southern frontier was not a blind; that the main movement was to the north; and that Paris was in danger of isolation from Calais and from her ally, England.

For my own part I felt a great exultation. In the face of masters of war, I had advanced an opinion without support; I had urged that my plan be tested; I had won out. More, I had perhaps saved France the humiliation of a surprise, and of possible defeat at the hands of her old enemy. We now realized that we were discovered by the Germans. Puffs of white smoke appeared below us, and presently the shriek of small shells was heard around the balloon? This was uncomfortable; yet there was no way to avoid it, save by going higher. Balloons were heavy over, and we roared half a mile, until we could barely discern the landmarks. But what was two, or even two and a half miles, against the German guns? We were on to-day? The shells flew thicker. On passed through the basket, smashing the glass jars of our electric battery. Another cut a rope at one end of the basket, and we lurched uncomfortably. We threw over more ballast, rising steadily. Suddenly there was a screech; a three-inch shell hurled from us. Rechere gave a shout of dismay. "They have hit the bag," he cried. "We are falling!"

"It was true. Looking up I saw a rent in the silk, and heard the hiss of escaping gas. The balloon swayed, like a wounded bird. Slowly it sank. Objects on the earth came into plainer view. Below was a great plain, and I could distinctly see the field batteries popping away at us ineffectually, unable to keep the range as we settled toward the thin air. "What will they do to us?" I asked my companions. General Martini shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, they will shoot us at sunrise tomorrow," he replied. "It is no matter. We have saved the day. France will not be surprised. Already additional troops are pushing north."

My elation was over. I loved life, very dearly. And now to die miserably, to be shot in a German field, without even an opportunity to let the folks at home know what had become of me. In that instant I let down in my car, for it was now lurching violently, as we approached the earth. Bullets whistled around us, several striking the basket work. Well, I would die like a man. I would show my German companions, and our hospitable German friends below, that an American can meet his fate with a shrug as light as that of a Frenchman, at least.

IN JUVENILE COURTS. New Methods of Dealing with the Early Misdemeanors of Children. In the March number of the Sunset Magazine, appears an interesting account of the work of saving boys from crime and prison influences. A similar work is going on in many cities of the country. The San Francisco juvenile court was instituted in May, 1903, under the legislative act of that year, through the untiring efforts of the California Club, the Associated Charities, the Merchants' Association and other large-hearted organizations and individuals. The original law of 1903 laid the foundation for the legal machinery which has since been perfected and put into operation. This law provided, among other things, for an advisory committee, which appoints probation officers, secures funds and establishes the proper connecting link between the judge and probation officers and the general public.

Since the establishment of this court over 2,100 separate delinquency cases and several hundred dependents have been handled under the fatherly care of Judge Murasky. His eyes, ears and hands are the probation officers and volunteer workers. One officer looks after the school records of the court's wards; another sees to their working side—is the official "job chaser"; still another is the directory and "dictionary"—he knows every boy's doings and undoings for years past.

Concerning the San Francisco work, Arthur J. Todd, the present chief probation officer, says: "More numbers of cases are barren, and give no hint of sensational captures, tellsome investigation, patient probation, successful reformation or occasional failure. Neither do they suggest the hearty cooperation or of the rapid development of the general public's interest. Already the juvenile court has proven that it pays to study a child rather than brand him; to see him as a growing thing responding to his environment rather than criminal born, fixed and destined to wreck. Already even, are men looking toward the employment of its methods in dealing with adult offenders."

Of the Suez Canal only sixty-six miles of the ninety-nine had to be cut through land.

A Modern Ah Sin.

My story relates to another Ah Sin: Not Bret Hart's, but my own; my own kith and kin.

It was only a few short weeks ago in that city you so well know, which the Bride and the Groom so oft frequent: Where the south winds gently blow.

'Tis a city of shade and a city of flowers, A city where laws are made By statesmen great, by statesmen small, Of every degree and grade.

For where there is good, there is also bad, And the task before me I hate, As there's much that's true and more that's sad In the story I now relate.

By invite I came on a Saturday night For a friendly game of cards, Nor I since have thought it was just the thing, While professing the kindest regards.

To be trapped into an unknown game, As simple as A B C, By friends, whom each to the other made boast, They'd wipe up the table with me.

On this evening in question I simply dropped in On the Major, whose friendship I prize, Not thinking of aught but a friendly smoke, Or with tales of the war to swap lies.

And there was the Doctor, another good friend, Such no moister and innocent mate: And these two suggested a nice, quiet game, Intending my ducats to take.

'Twas a curious game to an innocent kid, So full of surprises unfair, Where an honest hand is so frequently bluffed, And a bluff is called down by a pair.

Five cards are dealt out, only one at a time, And if you're not "suted" you "call." While a "flush" is not always the most modest sign, "To be full" is far better than all.

And should there be dealt you a real "royal flush," Still worse is the luck you have met; Not a player responds when you open the pot.

PUZZLING OLD VOLUME.

Translated at Ethnology Bureau After Many Others Fail.

Two books of 300 years ago, bound in the quaintest parchment, have given up their secrets, after expert linguists and ethnologists pondered many weeks in a vain effort to determine their origin.

Many languages were consulted, Arabic, Sanscrit, Malay, Japanese, Russian and languages that have traces of Latin, but the chirography within the covers of these musty volumes compared with none of them.

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia gave it up. Savants and sages of other literary societies failed in their efforts to elucidate the strange language. The books were finally referred to the United States Bureau of Ethnology. Prof. Cyrus Thomas withdrew the veil.

"It is the Cakchiquelche language," said Mr. Thomas, spoken by the Indians of Guatemala. "One of the books was on Bible history and the other a collection of Lenten sermons, written in the sixteenth century by the missionary priest, Father Domingo Vico, who spent many years among the Indians. It is believed that when the Spanish Fathers undertook to translate religious works into the Chachiquelche tongue they found the Latin alphabet inadequate to express the curious accents of the Indians, and they supplied the letters."

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WE ALSO GIVE YOU AN EXTRA PRESENT
Send Necktie as a special premium with Silk Parasol. Both free as one premium.

Plowing Contests and Lawn Making.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

One looking at the accompanying pictures would not think that these were pictures of a "College Field Day," but such is the case.

Last year the School of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota varied a little from the usual field day program, and added two new features to the regular field day sports.

The first was a hitching up contest in which both girls and boys took part;

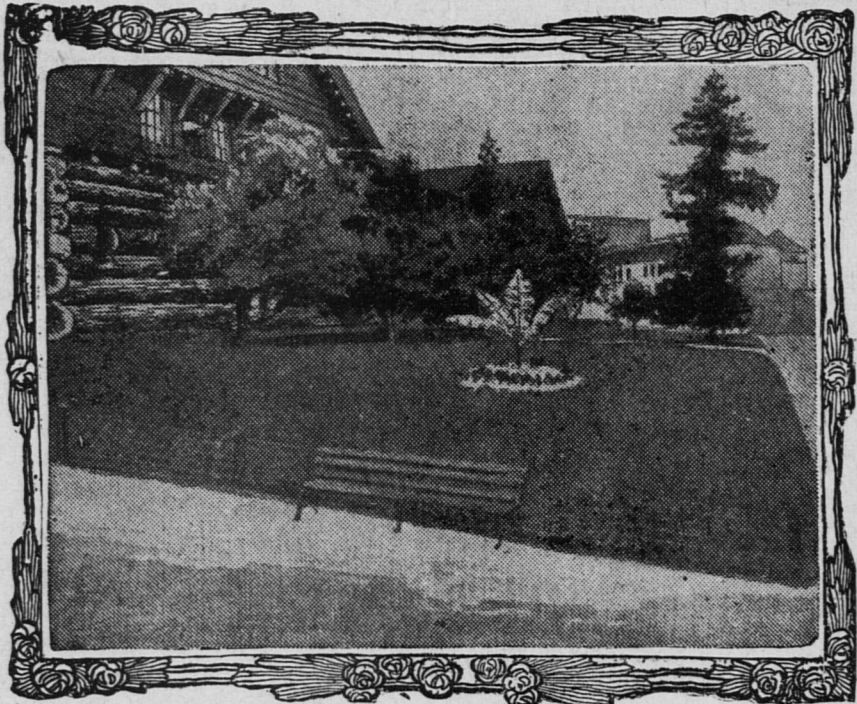


THE WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE AND HIS TEAM.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

the other new feature was a plowing contest in which only boys participated. Plowing is not altogether a bad sport either, no matter in what light you look upon it. This was illustrated by the participants who proved to the spectators that in order to be a good plowman, one must be somewhat of a civil engineer, as well as an excellent horseman.

Plowing as commonly done is often considered as drudgery, and so it is for the thoughtless, careless plowman, who has no other object in view than that of making the field look black. But there is no other farm operation which requires more knowledge to understand or more skill to do well, than does the simple art of plowing. The contestants had in mind making a straight furrow of even depth and width, turning it squarely over so as to cover all stubble and weeds. Each one took pains to start in squarely and evenly and to drive straight out at the ends so as not to leave the least curve. There was no time to dream or gaze about to see what some one else was doing. All the plowman's skill and ability were taxed to the utmost.



A BIT OF LAWN AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

He must set his plow perfectly in the first place. Next, he must be kind to and gain the confidence of his team, for no man can do good plowing without the confidence and co-operation of his team.

A half day was set aside for the contest, and all three classes, that is, the Freshmen, Junior and Senior classes, competed for the prizes. These were, a sulky plow for first prize, a hand plow for second prize and ten dollars in cash for the third prize. These prizes were furnished by one of the leading plow concerns of the United States gratuitously.

In scoring, expert plowmen who have been with the University Farm for years, acted as judges. A standard of excellence was established. Twelve points were given on the "dead furrow;" fifteen points on straightness of furrows; eight points on in's and out's at ends; fifteen points on depth and width of furrows; ten points on evenness of top of land; thirty points on the covering of weeds, and ten points on the finish. Time was not taken into consideration in scoring.

Each contestant was given a strong farm team and a plow. He had to adjust the plow, clevis and whiffle tree to suit the condition of the land. He was allowed to mark out his land in any manner he saw fit. The "land" was to be twenty feet wide and three hundred feet long.

Henry Johnson, of New Richmond, Minn., a member of the Freshman Class, took first prize. His score was 96 per cent. perfect.

O. K. Lathrop, of the Senior Class, took second prize, with a score of 81 per cent., and

W. I. Peterson, of the Junior Class, third prize, with a score of 80 per cent.

The rest of the contestants of course got no prize, but they got something much more valuable. They found that they could plow, and plow right. This conviction will remain with them all

general, greatly modified because of building operations or necessary grading. The soil with which one has to deal, therefore, is seldom a normal soil of the locality. In general, it is a portion of the surface soil mixed with more or less of the subsoil which has come from excavation, in making the foundations of a house.

The ideal soil for grasses best suited for lawn making is one which is moderately moist and contains a considerable percentage of clay—a soil which is somewhat retentive of moisture, but never becomes excessively wet, and is inclined to be heavy and compact rather than light, loose, and sandy. A strong clay loam or a sandy loam, underlain by a clay subsoil, is undoubtedly the nearest approach to an ideal soil for a lawn; it, therefore, should be the aim in establishing a lawn to approach as near as is possible to one or the other of these types of soil. In many localities it will, however, be very difficult to produce by any artificial means at one's command a soil which will approach in texture either of the types recommended. Our efforts, nevertheless, should be directed to attaining as closely as possible these ideals.

Preparations for the Lawn.

Since the lawn is intended to be a permanent feature of the decoration of a place, its endurance or span of life is of utmost importance. In general, grass seeds are small and the surface seed bed for the reception of these seeds need not be more than 1 inch in depth; but since the grasses, as they become established, send out long, lateral feeding roots, it is necessary that the area containing the available food for these plants should be amplified. This object can only be attained by deep cultivation and thorough preparation of at least 8 to 10 inches of the surface soil. The soil to this depth should be made rich and should be put into an ideal condition for the development of plant roots.

The mechanical operations of preparing the soil can be carried on by the use of the modern plow if the area is large enough, or by spading if the area is small. The seed bed should be thoroughly and frequently stirred, so as to grind the soil particles together as much as possible for the purpose of reducing them to a uniformly fine condition and to liberate plant food. Cultivation should also have for its object the destruction of weeds which may interfere with the establishment of the lawn or which may be detrimental to it after it is once established. After the soil has been thoroughly plowed or spaded it should be carefully firmed by harrowing or raking, after which it should be thoroughly compacted by the use of a lawn or field roller and the surface again loosened by the use of a steel-

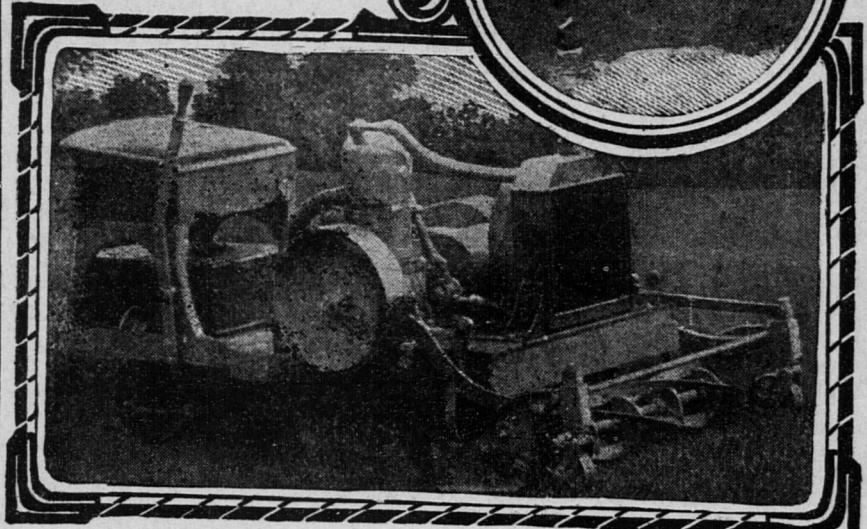
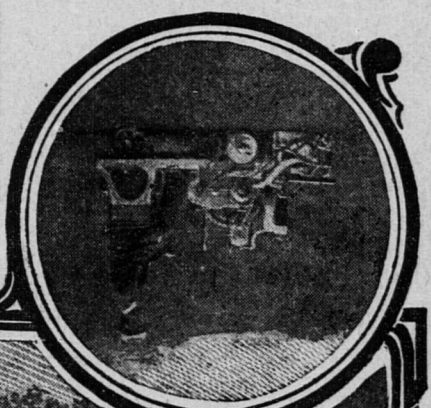
pounds of fine-ground bone, together with 300 to 500 pounds of a high-grade fertilizer upon each acre. The fertilizer may contain 3 per cent nitrogen, 6 to 8 per cent phosphoric acid, and about 8 per cent potash.

After the lawn has been established and it has gone into "winter quarters," it is well to give the young grass a mulch of well-decomposed stable manure, which shall not be heavy enough to disfigure or mar the lawn, but should be so fine and well decomposed that it will be carried beneath the surface of the grass by the rains and snows of the winter, leaving very little rough or unsightly matter to be raked off in the spring. If this is not desirable, after the greensward has passed through the first winter it should be treated to a top-dressing of fine-ground bone at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre.

The Kind of Grass.

Kentucky blue grass is undoubtedly the great lawn maker for all that section of the Atlantic coast region north of Washington, D. C., and for the Allegheny region as far south as northern Georgia. Blue grass thrives best in a comparatively retentive, strong soil where there is an abundance but not an excessive amount of moisture. Upon soils of a lighter character in this region, in localities where precipitation is greater, such grasses as redtop, Rhode Island bent grass, creeping bent grass, and white clover are more to be relied upon for lawn making than blue grass. Redtop, Rhode Island bent grass, and creeping bent grass all have the same ability to make a compact and deep sward, as in the case of blue grass. In fact, under certain conditions redtop and the bent grasses are able to make a softer, although not a more permanent, turf than does the blue grass. Upon the light soils found in the States south of the latitude of Washington, D. C., white clover forms an important feature in lawn mixtures.

In general, because of the varied conditions of shade and moisture existing upon a lawn as the result of trees, shrubs, and architectural objects, mixtures are more desirable than pure grasses. The different degrees of shade and moisture maintained in the soil which result from the presence of trees, shrubs, and buildings afford a variety of conditions under which a single species would not produce a uniform lawn.



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ON LARGE ESTATES THE AUTOMOBILE LAWNMOWER IS A PICTURESQUE ADJUNCT.

toothed rake or a fine harrow.

After the seed bed has been thoroughly and carefully prepared and the grass seed scattered in appropriate quantities, according to the kind used, the surface should be given a careful raking or rolling if the area is dry. If showers have been frequent, raking after the seed has been sown will suffice until after the grass has reached a height sufficient to be clipped by a lawn mower. Prior to clipping the grass with a lawn mower, if the ground was not rolled after seeding, a heavy lawn roller should be passed over the surface in order to make it as smooth as possible. After the grass has an opportunity to become erect it should then be clipped with a mower.

What Fertilizers?

Since the lawn is a permanent feature, it is hardly possible to make the soil for the reception of the lawn too rich. Stable manure which has been thoroughly composted and rotted and which is as free as possible from detrimental weed seeds is undoubtedly the best material to use in producing

Harvesting by Gas Light.

An interesting trial made in England on a farm near Biggleswade, shows that fields can be so illuminated by acetylene gas that harvesting may be easily carried on at night. In this test two mowers, each cutting a six-foot swath, were employed and a field of 15 acres was mowed in three hours and 35 minutes. A gasoline traction engine furnished the power.

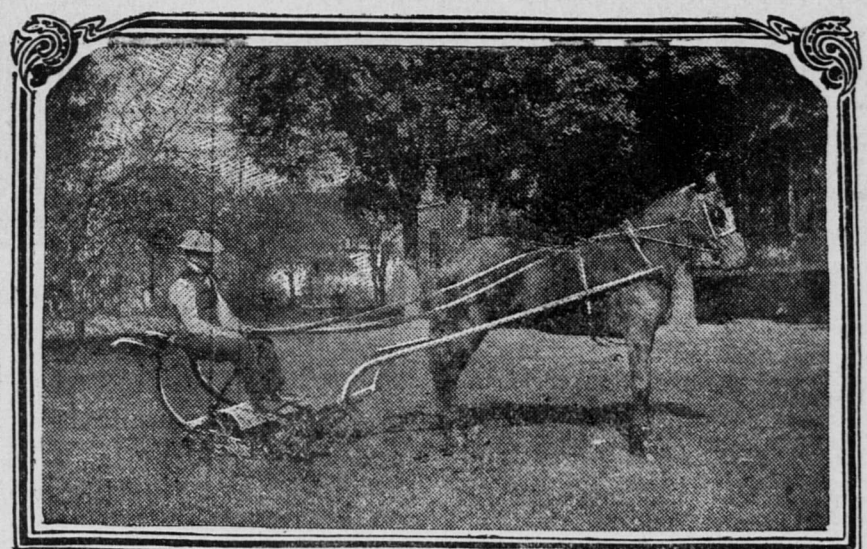
Romulus Was Perplexed.

Old Romulus took sick one day, and in a little while it looked as if his end was near. The minister was sent for, and came promptly—a stout man, done up in one of those religious waistcoats without any buttons down the front or any opening at the neck.

The minister said to Uncle Romulus: "Is your mind at ease, brother?"

"Yes sah," answered the old man.

"Are you sure there's nothing troubling you?" the minister went on.



A LARGE LAWN IS EASILY CLIPPED BY HORSEPOWER.

the desired fertility of the soil. Forty to sixty loads of well-decomposed stable manure are not too much to use upon an acre of land designed for the greensward. Where such stable manure is not available the next best plan to follow is that of plowing under green crops, such as clovers, cowpeas, soy beans, and similar plants. The land should then receive an application of about 1,000 pounds of lime to the acre, and at the time of preparing the seed bed 500 to 1,000

"If there is, speak up. Don't be afraid. I am here to help and comfort you."

"Dey is one fine, jes one, sah," said Romulus, "Dat 'plexes me."

"What is it my brother?" the minister murmured.

"Ah kaint o' de life o' me make out, sah," said the old man, "how yo' gits yo'self inter dat dere vest."

There are four prosperous American Mormon settlements in the Mexican state of Chihuahua.

Mysteries of the Ages.

During that wonderful and mysterious period, popularly spoken of as "before the ice age," in other terms, the pre-glacial period, nature expressed herself with a lavish abandon of which we can form but a faint idea. The primeval rivers were mighty torrents, instruments of stupendous metamorphic energy. In their work of erosion and dissolving, vast quantities of gold were freed from confining bedment and deposited along their channels. Through untold ages, perhaps, this work of uncovering and depositing—Nature's prehistoric gold mining and storing—continued, or until that particular formative cycle was completed. Then the earth passed into the travail throes of more energetic formation, as expressed in volcanic and glacial action. Fierce volcanoes sent forth their molten streams, filling up ravines and gorges, creating new elevations and depressions, and burying deep under layers of volcanic debris, the old river beds, the evicted waters of which laboriously wrought out new channels for themselves. Following this storm time came a season of comparative quiet in which the newly located streams were permitted to take up again with diminished force the old work of tearing down, dissolving and dropping the freed gold along their channels. In some instances old beds were crossed and broken into by the new streams and additional deposits mingled with their uncovered treasures. At last came the long winter of glacial action, from which the earth emerged transformed, with little of the primeval surface left save the giant redwood forest region. Such, briefly summarized, is the geologic record, as read by modern scientists, of the changes that immediately preceded our own period. Possibly, certain giant trees of the California redwood parks which have swayed in the Pacific Ocean winds for thousands of years—at least their own ancestors—might have observed from their undisturbed abode the stupendous changes in progress at their very doorway. Had they the gift of speech they could reveal, as no other living thing could do, the state secrets of Nature, including that of the buried rivers.

While no reliable method can at present be given for the detection of the presence of added vegetable colors in general it is necessary that special tests must be made for special vegetable colors. The bulletin gives quite a number of simple methods for detection of artificial coloring matter which may be had on application at the Department of Agriculture.

Sheep act as beasts of burden in many of the ranges of the Himalaya Mountains. Each animal is capable of carrying from seventeen to twenty-five pounds, and lives entirely on wayside herbage.

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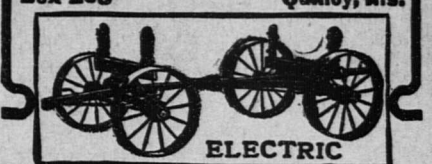
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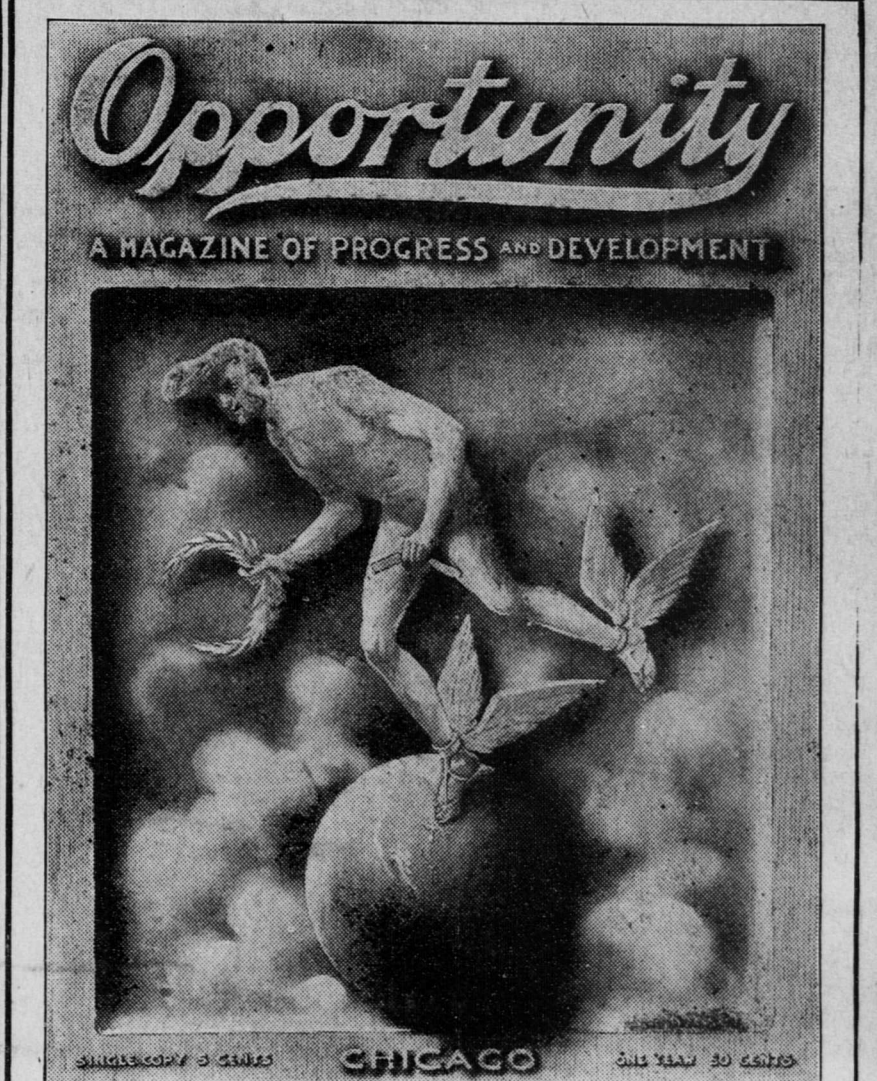
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